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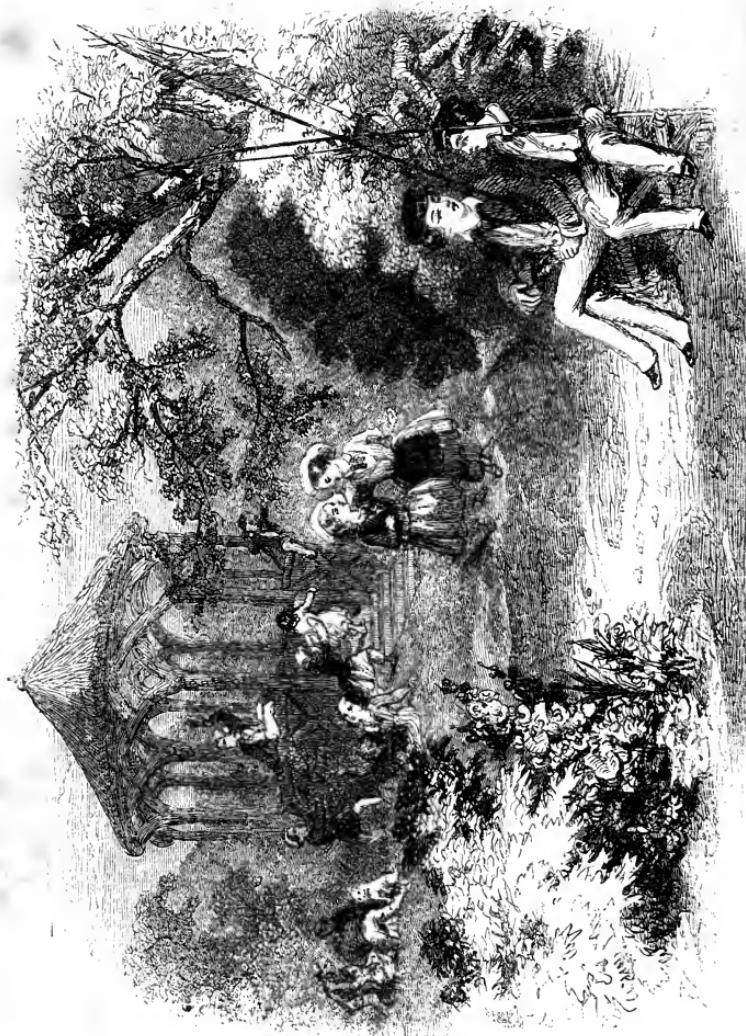
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JANE AND LUCY AT THE BOWER.

HARPER'S STORY BOOKS.

A SERIES OF NARRATIVES, DIALOGUES, BIOGRAPHIES, AND TALES,
FOR THE INSTRUCTION AND ENTERTAINMENT
OF THE YOUNG.

BY

JACOB ABBOTT.

Embellished with

NUMEROUS AND BEAUTIFUL ENGRAVINGS.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year one thousand eight hundred
and fifty-four, by

HARPER & BROTHERS,

in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Southern District of New York.

IALOGUES

FOR

THE AMUSEMENT AND INSTRUCTION OF
YOUNG PERSONS.



NEW YORK:

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.

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P R E F A C E.

THESE Dialogues, as their title imports, are intended for the instruction as well as for the amusement of the readers of them.

One of the chief advantages of the book, will be the useful practice which it will afford in learning to read. It is difficult to read dialogue well, on account of the many and various intonations of voice which are required.

These dialogues will also serve as lessons of elocution, by being committed to memory and spoken, in private parlors, or on the stage in schools and academies, with different persons, of course, to take the different parts. In cases where there are not children enough to represent all the persons of a dialogue, or when for any reason the attempt to represent the whole would seem to be too great an undertaking, single scenes may be selected, in which two or three characters only appear, and they may be committed to memory and spoken, as complete dialogues in themselves.



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DIALOGUES.

DIALOGUE I.

TAKING A MIFF.

PERSONS.

FRANCISCO.

JANE, *Francisco's sister.*

JOHNNY, *little brother of Francisco and Jane.*

LUCY, *Jane's cousin, three years older than Jane.*

GEORGE, } *Friends of Francisco.*

EGBERT,

SCENE I.

JANE, FRANCISCO.

A Library room. Francisco is at a table, preparing to write. Jane is sitting at a window, sewing. She appears to be not in good humor.

Francisco. Come Jane, I advise you to write to Laura by this opportunity.

Jane. (Sullenly.) No.

Francisco. It is an excellent opportunity. Roger is going right back to Glenfield. I am going to write to William, and I advise you to write to Laura.

Jane. No. I'm not going to write to her.

Scene I.

Francisco thinks that Jane has taken a miff.

Francisco. It is a week now since William and Laura went away to school, and we promised that we would write to them very often, and tell them all that happens here. There's a great deal to tell.

Jane. (Positively.) Well, at any rate, I'm not going to write to Laura.

Francisco. You've taken a miff, I expect, at something or other.

Jane. No, I haven't taken a miff.

Francisco. Then I don't see why you don't write to her. It is a week since she went away; you have an excellent opportunity to send to her, and you have plenty to say. And moreover, you promised her that you would write. So I can't see why you don't do it, unless you have taken a miff.

Jane. How do you know that I have so much to say?

Francisco. Because you said you had, yesterday. You said that you had ever so much to say, and that you meant to write a letter of four full pages, to send by Roger when he went back.

Jane. Well, I don't care, I can't write now. I'm busy. I've got this work to do.

Francisco. Oh, nonsense! I know that that is not the real reason. You had better come up here to the table with me and write. It will do Laura so much good to get a long letter from you. Remember that when girls go away to school the first week is the worst one. It is then that they are most homesick, and then of course that they need most to be cheered and comforted by letters from their friends.

Jane. I can't help it. I'm not going to write to her.

Francisco. Well, all I can say is that I think it is very strange.

Scene I.

James's ground of complaint.

Especially with such a lofty and exalted friendship for each other as you have always professed to have. But that's the way with girls' friendship. They are so affectionate and so loving toward each other when there is nothing to be done—but let a time of test and trial come, and it all proves to be nothing but emptiness and vanity.

Jane. It's no such thing, Francisco. I'm as true and faithful a friend to Laura as ever. It is she that has deserted me, not I her.

Francisco. Deserted you! How has she deserted you?

Jane. Why, she has not written to me. She sent notes by Roger to all the other girls, and a letter to her mother, but nothing to me—not so much as the least bit of a message.

Francisco. Ah! I thought it was something of that sort. I knew that you had taken a miff at something or other.

Jane. No, I have not taken a miff either—but I think it is a shame that she did not write to me.

Francisco. But Jane, it seems to me that it is very foolish to take offense at such a thing as that. Besides, perhaps you have got a letter somewhere. Perhaps Roger brought you one, and it is on its way to you now by somebody.

Jane. No; I was there when Roger came. All the notes and letters that he had were in one package and I saw them open it. There were notes in it for almost all the other girls—but nothing for me.

Francisco. But perhaps Roger had a letter for you separate from the package.

Jane. No. I asked him and he said that there was nothing at all for me, only just the book.

Scene II.

The party at the summer-house.

Francisco. The book. What book?

Jane. Why, a book that I lent her to read on the journey. She sent me that back, and nothing else. She did not even thank me for it. It was tied up in a paper and my name was on the outside of it, and that was all.

Francisco. How did you know that it was the book?

Jane. Why, I tore the paper open a little at one end, and saw.

Francisco. (*Drawing a long breath.*) Well, I think it's very foolish to take offense at such a thing as that, especially when, as likely as not, there is some mistake. But it is just like a girl. A girl's friendship is just about as substantial as a thistle down. When it's calm and sunny it lies tolerably still, and looks like something—but the first puff of a miff that comes; blows it all away.

SCENE II.

GEORGE, EGBERT, FRANCISCO. *Afterward JANE and LUCY.*

*A summer-house on a gentle elevation in a garden. Children playing in and around it. A broad path ascending to the entrance. At the foot of the path, near the spectator, a rustic seat. George and Egbert are sitting upon this seat, having fishing apparatus in their hands. At the door of the summer-house are seen Jane and Lucy, sauntering about together, with their arms round each other's waists, talking apparently in a confidential manner.**

George. I would not wait for Francisco any longer, Egbert. Let us go along. Remember he would not wait for us the other day, when he was going out to fly his kite.

* See Frontispiece.

Scene II.

It is generous to overlook small injuries.

Egbert. That is true, but that was only once. Francisco is a good fellow, and he has done me a great many good turns. I'm not going to forsake him for one little offense. No, nor for two; nor for three.

George. Ah, here he comes!

Enter FRANCISCO.

Francisco. Ah! boys, here you are. I've made you wait. I had to finish my letter to William Herbert. Roger was going back this afternoon, and I wanted him to carry it. I just had time to finish it and seal it up before he came. But now I'm all ready. Only I have not got my fishing-line.

Egbert. You'll have time enough to go and get it. We will go on slowly to the little pasture-gate, and wait there till you come.

Francisco. So do. I'll be as quick as I can.

(*The boys go out at one side, and at the same time Jane and Lucy come slowly down the walk from the summer-house, talking together.*)

Lucy. Ah, you are too sensitive, Jane. Some people call it *touchy*, but I think *sensitive* is a more polite word.

Jane. But she might have written to me as well as to the others; and I think it was a great slight that she did not.

Lucy. It seems to me that you ought not to decide in your mind that it was a slight, for you don't know yet what the cause of it was. There are plenty of ways of accounting for it, besides supposing that it was a slight.

Jane. Why, how can you account for it?

Lucy. It may be an accident. You see it is possible that Laura

Scene II.

There ~~a~~ many accidents that might have happened.

actually did write to you, and th^o by some accident the note did not come.

Jane. I don't see how there *could be* any accident.

Lucy. Yes, accidents of th^o kind often happen. The letter may have got separated from the rest on the table, and hid under a paper or something ; and so Lara may have supposed that it was put in the parcel. Then perha^s she found it out after Roger had gone, and now she may be in gat trouble because your letter was left behind.

Jane. I don't think that that's at all likely.

Lucy. Nor do I think that that particular accident is likely to have occurred ; but it is very lilly indeed that *some* accident may have occurred. You see there a ever so many others which might have happened besides that.

Jane. I can't think of any oter.

Lucy. Why, she may have given your letter separately to Roger, and he may have forgotte to give it to you.

Jane. No ; I asked Roger expressly if he had any letter for me, and he said no.

Lucy. Yes, but he may ha^e been mistaken. He may have taken the letter and put it in is pocket, and then forgotten all about his having a separate letter. Didn't you ever know a boy to forget ?

Jane. Yes, indeed. But I don't believe that Roger forgot to give me my letter.

Lucy. Nor do I, exactly. I don't think it is very probable that we can think precisely what the accident was, if indeed there was an

Scene II.

Lucy defends the absent.

accident. All I mean to say, that there are a great many accidents that might have happened, and so, until you know certainly how it was, you ought not to be a miff.

Jane. I don't believe it was any accident at all. I believe she did it on purpose.

Lucy. Very well; even if it was on purpose, there is no proof that you have any reason for taking offense. She may have reasoned in this way: She may have said to herself, Now I have not time to write to all my friends, and so will write to my most common ones first; for they don't know me so well, and they might be offended. But Jane is too faithful and true a friend, and she is too true to me, to be shaken by such a thing about getting the first letter. So I'll write all my little notes by the opportunity, and then write a good long letter afterward to Jane, when I have more time.

Jane. Well, I don't think that she ought to have done so.

Lucy. Perhaps she ought not to have done so. Suppose it was a mistake, and that she ought to have acted differently. What sort of friendship is that which will right down, and is gone, just because the person you love has made a mistake?

Jane. But I think it was a real slight.

Lucy. Do you mean that you suppose she is offended with you for any thing, and that she has taken this way to show her displeasure?

Jane. I don't know. If it is not that, I am sure I don't know what it is.

Lucy. Very well, then; let us suppose that it is that. Even then, I think that you ought to have written to her.

Scene II.

True and false friendship.

Jane. What! when she put a slight upon me on purpose.

Lucy. Yes. Let me ask you: Do you know of any body that does not sometimes do wrong?

Jane. Why, no—of course not.

Lucy. Do you know of any body that does not sometimes get put out without just reason, and then act impatiently, and in an ill-humored manner? Don't you sometimes do so yourself?

Jane. Why, yes; I suppose I do.

Lucy. Certainly, you do. So do I. So does every body. Now I wish to know what is such friendship worth, as that which gives up, and turns into enmity the first time we do any thing that is wrong? When we have been led away to do any thing wrong, then is the very time that we want our friends to stand faithful and true to us. What is friendship worth that is very warm and loving when there is nothing depending upon it, but is chilled and killed the moment that it is put to a test? It is not worth any thing at all. Here you and Laura have been such *great* friends and you have made so many promises to love each other always, and to be always faithful and true; and now here, the first time that your love for her is put to the test, see how it stands. You condemn her unheard; you abandon her in the hour of need, and you turn against her just because you *suspect* that she has done wrong.

Jane. Oh, Lucy, I think it is more than suspicion.

Lucy. Very well then; then we will say that she has actually done wrong. You turn against her when she does wrong; and that is the very time of all others, when true and genuine friendship is most firm and reliable. What is a friend worth that turns against us

Scene II.

The test of true friendship.

Reflection.

when we have done wrong? For my part, that is when I want my friend to cling to me the closest.

Jane. What, when the wrong that you have done is against her?

Lucy. Yes, exactly. Then is the time of all others that I want her to show herself true. If I have been deceived, and have been told any thing against her that is not true, and have got put out with her, and have put a slight upon her, or shown my ill-humor toward her in any other way, I don't wish her to get put out too, and forsake me. Then is the very time that I want her most to stand by me, and be my friend. Then is the time for her to show whether there is any thing real and substantial in her love. If there *is* any thing real and substantial in it, she *will* stand by me then. She will overlook my fault, and make excuses for me, and come to me, and show me kindness, and so help to bring me back to my senses.

(*A voice is heard calling from the summer-house.*)

Voice. LUCY!

Lucy. (*Calling.*) Yes in a minute. (*To Jane.*) I must go. The children are calling me. I promised to play Hunt the Rabbit with them.

Voice. LUCY!

Lucy. (*Rising.*) There they are calling again; and I must go. Think of what I have said, and see if it is not so.

(*She goes out, leaving Jane sitting on the seat in a thoughtful attitude.*)

Scene III.

A sober second thought.

Johnny.

SCENE III.

JANE, AFTERWARD JOHNNY and FRANCISCO.

The library; the same as in Scene I. Jane is sitting before the table, where Francisco was writing. She has a sheet of paper before her, and a pen in her hand, which she holds in an irresolute manner.

Jane. I almost wish that I had written a little note to her to send by Roger. But it is too late now. He has gone. I might begin a note though now, and send it by mail—or by the next opportunity.

Enter JOHNNY.

Johnny. Ah! Jane, are you here? What are you doing?

Jane. I am not doing any thing. I'm thinking a little of beginning a letter.

Johnny. I wish I was big enough to write letters. How soon shall I be big enough?

Jane. I don't know, Johnny. How do you suppose I can tell? It depends upon how soon you begin to learn. (*To herself.*) I wish I *had* written to her. She must be very lonesome there now among so many strangers; and if it is true that she is offended with me for something or other, it must be from some mistake; for I am sure I have not done any thing to offend her. At least, I have not intended to.

Johnny. Jane, what is this? He holds up a parcel for Jane to see.

Scene III.Jane resolves to write to Laura.

Jane. It is nothing but a book.

Johnny. What is it tied up for, then?

Jane. Why, it is a book that Laura sent back to me. But you must not talk now, Johnny. You interrupt me. I'm very much perplexed.

Johnny. I don't see what there is to perplex you.

Jane. (*To herself.*) I wish I *had* written her a note.

Johnny. Just let me speak to you this once, Jane. May I untie this book, and take it out? It is torn open a little at one end already. See!

Jane. I did that to see what it was. Yes; you may untie it if you can, and take the book out, and put it up in its place on the shelf.

Johnny. Good! That's just what I shall like to do.

Jane. (*To herself.*) At any rate I'll begin a note to her now.

(*Johnny unties the string and takes the paper off the book, and then gets down from his chair, and carries the book to the back side of the room to put it on a shelf. While he is in the act of reaching the book up, to put it on the shelf a letter falls out from it on the floor.*)

Johnny. Jane, here's a letter.

Jane. (*Surprised.*) A letter. Where? Did it come out of the book? Bring it here.

(*She rises from her seat hastily and runs to meet Johnny and get the letter.*)

Johnny. It is a real letter; all sealed up.

Jane. Give it to me, quick. Yes, it is really a letter for me—and from Laura. How stupid I was not to look in that book!

Scene III.

Jane makes a discovery.

The letter.

(She breaks the seal of the letter very eagerly and unfolds the sheet.)

Johnny. Is it for you?

Jane. A nice good long letter! Four pages—all full! What a dear girl! She sits down at the table greatly delighted, and spreads out the letter before her, in order to read it.

Enter FRANCISCO.

Francisco. Well, Jane, have you got over your miff with Laura yet?

Jane. Laura! She's the sweetest girl that ever was known. I love her dearly.

Francisco. Hi-yi! what has happened now? There seems to be a great change come over your feelings. What has happened?

Jane. (Holding up the letter.) See!

Francisco. What is it?

Jane. A good long letter of four pages from her.

Francisco. Ah! That explains it. I thought it was something like that. Whenever there's a sudden revival of a girl's friendship, you may depend upon it that there is always some favor received that is at the bottom of it.

Jane. It is no such a thing.

Francisco. Yes it is exactly such a thing. It is always so with a girl's friendship. The blaze of a gas-light is not any more dependent on the continual coming of the gas through the tube, than a girl's friendship is upon attentions and favors. If the attentions and favors stop for an instant, or even if they *seem* to stop, the friendship drops dead that moment like a bird that is shot.

Jane. Oh, Francisco!

Scene III.

Francisco's invectives.

A good resolution.

Francisco. Yes. That's it. Two hours ago, just because, from some accident or other, you did not get a letter, you gave up your friend. You dropped her. You abandoned her. You would not write even a line to cheer her in her loneliness. But now, since you've got a letter four pages long from her—now, how loving you are! she's the sweetest girl in the world. You love her *dearly*! How precious such fair-weather love as that must be! I wonder where *I* could find such a friend.

Jane. Oh, Francisco. You're too bad.

Francisco. How well I could rely upon him when I was not in any need, and so did not want him. And when I was in any need, then he would fail me, and turn against me. But that would not be of any consequence, you know. I wish I could find such a friend!

Jane. Francisco! you must be still. I will not have you talking so.

Francisco. If I could just get such a friend as that, and also a horse that would always stop and lie down when he came to a hill, and a dog that would turn against me and bite me whenever he saw robbers coming, and a roof over my house that would look like a good roof in fair weather, but always let the wet in everywhere when it rains—then I should be completely provided for.

Jane. Francisco!

(He bows to Jane with mock politeness, and goes out.)

Jane. *(To herself.)* Francisco is the greatest tease that I ever knew. But there's one thing I'm determined upon, and that is, that I never mean to take another miff as long as I live—not if I can help it.

Scene I.

Picture of the pretended old woman.



DIALOGUE II.

THE LOST RING.

PERSONS.

MR. and MRS. WILLIAMS.

MARY JANE, *their daughter.*LUCY, *Mary Jane's friend.*ANNE, *a young girl, a domestic.*

SCENE I.

MARY JANE; *and afterward* LUCY.*A room in a house.**Mary Jane.* (*Looking at some things in a drawer.*) How

Scene I.

The birth-day presents.

Question about a ring.

pretty they are! I like them very much indeed. I did not think they would be so pretty.

Enter LUCY.

Lucy. Mary Jane!

Mary Jane. Ah, Lucy, is that you? I'm very glad to see you. Come and look at my presents.

Lucy. Have you got some presents?

Mary Jane. Yes, they are my birth-day presents; good, useful presents. See! There are my gloves, and here is a little muff for me in the winter. And here—this is the prettiest of all.

Lucy. A ring!

Mary Jane. Yes, a gold ring—real gold.

Lucy. (*Trying it on her finger.*) But it is too large.

Mary Jane. Yes, it is a little too large now, but that is because I am growing. (*Mary Jane takes the ring and puts it on her own finger.*) It is rather loose now, but I shall grow pretty soon to fit it. You see, a gold ring is a thing that we keep a long while. I expect to keep this one all my life.

Lucy. The gloves are pretty.

Mary Jane. Yes, and they fit me exactly. You see the gloves will not last so long. I shall wear them out before I grow much bigger; but the ring will never wear out. (*Mary Jane puts on one of the gloves over the hand which has the ring upon it.*)

Lucy. Yes, Mary Jane, a ring will wear out in time. It grows slenderer and slenderer, until at last it is nothing but a little gold thread around your finger.

Scene I.

Wrong to ridicule old age.

Anne.

Mary Jane. Oh Lucy, what a story !

Lucy. Yes, it will, truly. My grandmother has got a ring which she had when she was a little girl, and now it is nothing but a thread. She showed it to me the other day. She's about seventy-two ; and when you are seventy-two, your ring will be almost worn out.

Mary Jane. Seventy-two ! Think of my being seventy-two. (*Mary Jane takes an umbrella which stands near, and, using it for a staff, begins to hobble about the room, in imitation of an infirm old woman.*) Oh dear me ! Oh dear me ! What shall I do ? I've got the rheumatis', dre'fully. (*They laugh heartily.*)

Lucy. (*Suddenly sobering herself.*) Mary Jane, you must stop. You must not laugh at old people. It is wicked.

Mary Jane. Well, I won't. But now let me show you my muff.

Enter little ANNE.

Anne. Miss Mary Jane, your mother sent me to tell you that the stage is coming.

Mary Jane. Is it ? Come, Lucy, let's go and see. We expect father in the stage. Let's go and see if he has come. And Anne, you must put my things away for me. I can't stop. (*Mary Jane and Lucy run out.*)

Anne. Yes, I'll put away the things carefully. These are the gloves. I must touch them very carefully, for fear I might tumble them. I'll put them in the drawer, so. And this muff—this must go in too. Now if I shut the drawer, it will all be right. (*She shuts the drawer, sets the furniture in order, and goes out.*)

Scene II.	Ring missing.	Suspiciona.
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SCENE II.

MRS. WILLIAMS, MARY JANE.

Another room. Mrs. Williams *sitting by a work table, sewing.* Enter Mary Jane.

Mary Jane. Oh, mother ! mother ! What do you think ? My ring is gone !

Mrs. Williams. Gone ?

Mary Jane. Yes, my beautiful ring ; and I 'm almost sure that Anne has stolen it.

Mrs. Williams. Oh no, Mary Jane, Anne would not steal it. You 've dropped it somewhere, or lost it in some other way.

Mary Jane. No, mother, *indeed* I have not. Really and truly I have not. I had it in the other room, with my muff and my gloves, to show it to Lucy. I had them all there. I remember that I had the ring perfectly well, for I remember that I was showing Lucy how nice and big it was for me, so as to be ready for me when I grow a little older.

Mrs. Williams. I have no doubt that you had the ring ; but I can not believe that Anne would take it. Have you felt in all your pockets ?

Mary Jane. (*Feeling in her pockets.*) Ah, mother, it 's of no use for me to feel in my pockets. I 'm sure it is not there.

Mrs. Williams. Are you sure that Lucy did not take it away by mistake ?

Scene II.

Mrs. Williams believes that Jane is innocent.

Mary Jane. Oh, yes, mother, how could she?

Mrs. Williams. Why, she might possibly have had it on her finger, or in her hand; and then when you were called away suddenly, she might have taken it away without being aware of it.

Mary Jane. Oh, no, mother, I'm sure she did not. She had it a minute I know; but she gave it back to me.

Mrs. Williams. Then it must be in your drawer, or somewhere about there. Perhaps it dropped on the carpet, and rolled away.

Mary Jane. No, mother. I am almost sure that Anne has taken it.

Mrs. Williams. And what do you suppose she has done with it?

Mary Jane. Oh, perhaps she has got it in her pocket, or perhaps she has put it in her chest up stairs, or hid it away somewhere. She would not dare to put it on her finger. I think we ought to search among her things, and see.

Mrs. Williams. Well; you may go and tell your father, and ask him what you shall do.

Mary Jane. Yes that will be a good plan. I'll run now and meet him coming in. (*Mary Jane goes out.*)

Mrs. Williams. (*Alone.*) I can not think that Anne can have taken the ring. There are some people that we think are honest, and some people that we know are honest. Anne is one of those that we seem to *know* are honest. Still, she may have been tempted by the ring, poor child! It would break her heart to know that we suspected her of stealing.

(Enter Mary Jane, *leading her father, who is dressed as if just*

Scene III.

Plans for putting Jane to the test.

coming in from a drive. He converses with Mary Jane while he is putting away his hat and coat.)

Mary Jane. I suppose she will be very angry when we tell her that we think she has taken it.

Mr. Williams. No; not if she is innocent. She will be frightened, and very much pained—but she will not be angry. It is guilty people that are indignant and angry, not the innocent, when they are suspected of any crime.

Mary Jane. Do you suppose that she will be willing that we should search her chest?

Mr. Williams. Yes, if she is innocent, she will. But if she has taken the ring, and has hid it in her chest, then she will refuse to let us search, and pretend to be very indignant that we suspect her.

Mary Jane. Well, father, let us go and see.

SCENE III.

MR. WILLIAMS, MARY JANE, ANNE.

A kitchen. A table where Anne has just been ironing.

Anne. (Earnestly, but modestly and gently.) No, sir; I certainly did not take it. I did not see it at all. I saw the gloves and the muff, and I put them away; but I did not see the ring at all.

Mr. Williams. Well, Anne, I can not help believing what you say; but in order that we may be sure, are you willing that we should search all about, and see if we can find it anywhere?

Scene III.

Jane stands the test extremely well.

Anne. Yes, sir; and I will help you.

Mr. Williams. Are you willing to take out every thing you have got in your pocket?

Anne. Yes, sir, perfectly willing. That is my handkerchief; and here are two nuts that Miss Mary Jane gave me; and here is a penny. That is mine. See, there is nothing else. I turn my pocket inside out.

Mr. Williams. Are you willing that I should go and search your chest up in your room?

Anne. Yes, sir; I wish you *would* go.

Mary Jane. I did not think you would be willing to have us go and look in your chest.

Anne. Oh, yes, I'd rather you would go than not, because then you will know that I did not take the ring.

Mary Jane. Well, father, let us go.

Mr. Williams. No, Mary Jane, it is useless to search her chest. We shall not find the ring there. Anne has not taken it, you may depend. And, Anne, you must not let it trouble you that we asked you about it. I never for a moment thought that you had taken the ring, and now I am *sure* you have not. Circumstances often occur in the course of life which direct suspicion of wrong against the most honest persons, but when they are met in such a spirit of openness and candor, as you have shown now, they can not be deserved.

Scene IV. The ring is found.

Scene V. Anne.

SCENE IV.

MR. WILLIAMS, MRS. WILLIAMS, MARY JANE.

The same room as in Scene I. Mr. and Mrs. Williams and Mary Jane, all engaged in looking about the floor.

Mr. Williams. You are sure you had the ring when you showed Lucy the gloves and the muff?

Mary Jane. (*Going to the drawer.*) Yes, sir. I'm perfectly sure, for I showed the ring to Lucy and she said it was too big, and I told her that that was because I was going to keep the ring till I grew up to be a young lady. But the gloves, I told her, were just right, because I was going to wear them out now. There are the gloves, and there is the muff—but where is the ring?

Mr. Williams. (*Taking up the gloves and feeling of them.*) What is this?—Here is something hard.

Mary Jane. (*Eagerly.*) Let me see. (*She puts her finger into the finger of the glove and draws out the ring.*) There it is now. If that is not astonishing. When I pulled off my glove the ring came off with it. I'll run as quick as I can, and tell Anne that it is found. (*She runs away with the ring.*)

SCENE V.

ANNE; afterward MR. WILLIAMS and MARY JANE.

The kitchen. Anne employed in setting a plate, and a cup and saucer, for supper, at the end of a table.

Anne. I'm so glad that they found the ring.

Scene V.	The reparation.	Anne is pleased.
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(Enter, Mr. Williams, with a small book in his hand.)

Mr. Williams. Anne, we have come to make you reparation.

Anne. To make me what, sir?

Mr. Williams. To make you reparation; that is to acknowledge and repair as far as we can our error in suspecting that you took the ring.

Anne. Oh, Mr. Williams, that is of no consequence. I'm very glad that the ring is found. And now that it is found it is no matter. The trouble is all ended.

Mr. Williams. No, we ought not to let it end so. We made an unjust charge against you—or rather we entertained an unjust suspicion. We were not to blame for doing this, for circumstances necessarily led us to do it. But when in such a case we find our error, we ought always to do something to atone for it. So we give you this little book. See what I have written in the beginning of it. (He reads.) "To Anne, from her friends, Mr. and Mrs. Williams and Mary Jane, in token of their entire confidence in her scrupulous honesty."

Anne. What a pretty book. I am very much pleased with it, and with what you have written in it. But it was not necessary for you to give me any thing.

Mr. Williams. It is right that we should. Whenever by our inadvertence in taking care of our property we are the means of bringing innocent persons under suspicion, and so of causing them pain, we ought always to make them some reparation for the wrong that we have unintentionally done them.

Scene I.

Picture of the children in the school-room.



DIALOGUE III.

THE BROKEN BOUQUET.

PERSONS.

MISS ALICE, *a Teacher.*CARRIE, } *Older scholars.*JANE, } *Other pupils.*MIDGET, } *Younger scholars.*LUCY, } *Other pupils.*

SCENE I.

MISS ALICE.

A small school-room. A desk for a teacher, and some benches for young children. Enter Miss Alice, with a bouquet of flowers in her hand.

Miss Alice. (Alone.) Here I am then; and this is the room that is to be the scene of my labors this summer. It is a pleasant

Scene I. Miss Alice's bouquet.

Scene II. The children come in.

little room. How I long to see the children. I shall like them, I know; and I'll try to make them like me. Some of them are so young that I suppose I shall teach them to read. Poor things! How hard it must be for them to learn the letters—letters are such little things to see; and some of them look so much alike. Then there is nothing to remember them by. I tried to learn the Hebrew letters once, and I found it was very hard—very hard indeed. And it must be just as hard for the children to learn the English letters. However, I'll help them all I can; and when the recess comes, I'll play with them. I have got a good many games that I am going to teach them to play.

This bouquet of flowers—let me see what shall I do with it till they come? I'll put it in the desk. I am going to divide it up, and give each of my scholars one of the flowers. I'll give the flowers to them in the recess. I'll keep the bouquet in my desk till the recess comes, and so surprise them.

The dear children! I wish it was time for them to come. (*She looks at her watch.*) It is more than half an hour yet before it will be time for the school to begin. I shall have to go to the book-store to buy me a pencil to rule the writing books with. (*She puts the things in order about the desk and room, and goes out.*)

SCENE II.

MIDGET, CARRIE, LUCY, JANE, *and other scholars.*

The same school-room. Enter Midget, peeping in at the door.

Midget. No, Carrie, there's nobody here. Come in. Tell the girls that she is not here, and that they must all come in.

Scene II.

The children's ideas of their teacher.

Carrie. (Without.) Girls ! Girls ! There 's nobody here.

(Enter Carrie, followed by Lucy, Jane, and other girls. They run about the room in a wild and noisy manner.)

Midget. Here we are, and she has not come. I hope she won't come this hour.

Carrie. What a funny room ! And these little benches. They are not half big enough for us. I suppose she thinks we are all little girls.

Lucy. I'm not a little girl. I'm almost seven.

Jane. Have you seen the teacher, Carrie ?

Carrie. No ; and I don't believe I shall like her a bit.

Midget. Nor I. Look at her desk. See how nice it looks, just as particular as a pin. She is dreadfully old-maidish, I know. She'll scold us if we do the least thing. (*Midget sits down in the teacher's desk, and begins to mimic a scolding teacher.* Lucy, you naughty child ! How you behave ! Carrie, come here to me this minute.

(The children laugh.)

Lucy. Oh, Midget ! What a girl you are !

Carrie. I'm going to look in her desk, and see what she has got hid away in it.

Midget. Oo—oo—oo ! What a pretty bunch of flowers !

Carrie. (Taking up the flowers, and turning away with them.) Yes, I'm going to see them.

Midget. (Following Carrie.) Let me see 'em.

Carrie No, not yet. I want to look at them. Ah ! she thought we should not know that she had these flowers. She hid them away in her desk. But we have got them ; and we will look at 'em as much as we please.

Scene II.

Misfortune to the bouquet.

An alarm.

All the children. (Crowding around.) Let me see 'em.

Midget. (Taking hold of the bouquet.) Let me take 'em a minute. Carrie, you have had 'em long enough.

Carrie. No.

Midget. Yes.

(The girls pull for the flowers, and in the struggle the string breaks, and all the flowers fall in confusion upon the floor.)

Carrie. There now, Midget, see what you have done !

Midget. See what you have done, yourself. It is all because you would not let me take the flowers in my hand a minute, just to look at them.

Carrie. No, it's all because you tried to pull them away from me. You ugly thing !

Jane. Oh, don't let us quarrel about it. Let us pick the flowers up and put them together again as well as we can.

Midget. So we will. Oh, dear me ! We can't put them together well at all.

Carrie. Hurry, hurry ! She may come back. I hear a noise at the door. Hurry ! hurry !

(The children hurry the flowers together and put them in the desk.)

Midget. There, shut down the desk, quick. Now we must not any of us tell.

Children. No, we won't tell.

Carrie. Listen. Hush. Is she coming ? No. I thought I heard her, but she is not coming. She never will know that we did it. So we don't care.

Scene II.

The song.

Jane will not sing.

(Children, all except Jane, begin to dance about the floor, singing, We don't care! We don't care!)

Midget. Let us form a ring.

(The children form a ring and take hold of hands and dance round, Midget singing.)

We know who did it, very well,
But we will never, never tell;
 Never tell, never tell.
No, we will never tell.

We 'll stand before her in a row,
And tell her that we do not know;
 Do not know, do not know.
We all will say we do not know.

Come, Jane, why don't you come and dance and sing?

Jane. Because I don't want to dance and sing. At the least, I don't want to sing that song.

Midget. Ah, Jenny is going to tell of us. She is going to be a tell-tale.

Jane. No, I 'm not a tell-tale, and I shall not tell of you, but I 'm not going to sing that song.

Carrie. Hush! Hark! I hear her coming. Run, children! Run to your seats! *(The children run to their seats, except Jane, who remains on the floor.)*

Scene III.

Miss Alice comes in.

The pencil.

SCENE III.

MISS ALICE *and all the children.*

Miss Alice. How do you do, children. I am very happy to see you all. I am Miss Alice. I'm going to be your teacher. I hope we shall be very good friends. Are you all going to be my scholars?

Children. Yes, ma 'am.

Miss Alice. I should like to have you call me Miss Alice. That's my name. And so you can say, Yes, Miss Alice, instead of yes, ma 'am. Will you?

Children. Yes, ma 'am.

Miss Alice. (*To Jane who is standing near her.*) What is your name?

Jane. My name is Jane.

Miss Alice. And you are to be one of my scholars I suppose?

Jane. Yes, Miss Alice.

Miss Alice. See, I've been buying a pencil to rule the writing books with.

Jane. It is a very pretty one, I think.

Miss Alice. I'm going to put it in my desk. (*She opens the desk.*)

Miss Alice. Ah! my beautiful bouquet of flowers! It is all spoiled. Why, what a calamity! But it is no great matter, after all. I suppose that some of you did it, but it was by accident, I am sure. So it is no great matter. Do you know how it came so?

Children. (*All but Jane.*) No, ma 'am.

Scene III.

Jane is not a tell-tale.

Miss Alice. Oh, yes, some of you must know. It is no great matter, but you ought to tell me what is true about it. Jane, do you know how this happened?

Jane. Yes, Miss Alice, I do know.

Miss Alice. And how did it happen?

Jane. Why, Miss Alice, I would rather not tell.

Miss Alice. (After a pause.) And what is the reason, Jane, why you are not willing to tell me? Is it because you think it will bring blame upon some of your playmates?

Jane. Yes, Miss Alice.

Miss Alice. (Taking Jane by the hand and drawing her near.) That's a good reason, Jane. That's a very good feeling in you too. I like you for that. And now I'm sure that if you had yourself been the one that spoiled my bouquet, you would have told me of it honestly.

Jane. Yes, Miss Alice; I honestly would.

Miss Alice. That's right, Jane. A generous-minded girl is reluctant to expose the faults of others; but she is always ready to confess her own. And now, children, since the one who actually did happen to spoil my bouquet is not willing to acknowledge it, I shall never know. But it is of no great consequence, and so we will think no more about it. I meant the flowers for you, and in the recess I will separate them carefully, and see if there are any left good enough to give you; and as to the accident, we will think no more about it.

Scene IV.

Meeting of Carrie and Midget in the street.

SCENE IV.

CARRIE, MIDGET, MISS ALICE.

A corner of the street. Enter Carrie, with her satchel in her hand. In passing round the corner, she comes upon Midget, who is waiting there.

Carrie. Midget, is this you? I thought you had gone home.

Midget. Well, I *am* going home—pretty soon.

(A pause. The two girls seem to be at a loss what to say.)

Carrie. Are you waiting here for any thing, Midget?

Midget. Yes.

Carrie. So am I.

Midget. Who are you waiting for?

Carrie. I am waiting for Miss Alice.

Midget. So am I.

Carrie. What do you want to see her for?

Midget. Why, I thought that, on the whole, I would tell her that it was I that broke her bouquet to pieces.

Carrie. That is just what I was going to do. I was going to tell her that it was I.

Midget. But, Carrie, I think it was more my fault than yours, for I was pulling it away from you.

Carrie. No. I think it was more my fault than yours, for I ought to have let you take them. Besides, it was I that took them out of the desk, and that was the beginning of the trouble.

Midget. Hush! Here she comes.

Scene IV.

Carrie and Midget are joined by Miss Alice.

Enter Miss Alice.

Miss Alice. Ah, children, I am glad to see you. Now we can walk along home together.

Midget. We were waiting for you, Miss Alice.

Miss Alice. Were you? I am very glad.

(She takes them one by each hand, and they walk along.)

Midget. We wanted to tell you something, Miss Alice.

Miss Alice. Well, what is it about?

Midget. It is about the bouquet. We wanted to tell you how it came to be spoiled.

Miss Alice. And how was it?

Midget. Why, it was *me*.

Carrie. No, it was *me*.

Miss Alice. It is a little better to say, it was *I*.

Midget. Well, it was *I*. I was trying to pull it away from Carrie, and the string uncame, and all the flowers scattered over the floor. Then we thought we heard you coming, and we had to huddle them together as fast as we could, and so we could not put them up nice again at all. But it was my fault, pulling them away from Carrie.

Carrie. No, Miss Alice, it was my fault, taking them out of the desk, and then not letting Midget look at them.

Miss Alice. Then I think it was the fault of both of you. One took them out of the desk, that was one fault; and the other tried to pull them away, that was the second fault. Which do you think was the worst?

Midget. Mine, because that was what did the mischief.

Scene IV.

Whose fault was it?

Carrie. No, mine ; because that was the beginning of it.

Miss Alice. I am not quite certain which is the worst. But there was another fault which, I think, was worse than either.

Carrie. What one, Miss Alice ?

Miss Alice. The fault of opening the desk. You see, we don't measure a fault by the mischief that comes from it, but from the wrongfulness of it. Now, I think it is more wrongful to open any other person's private desk, or drawer, or trunk, without leave, than it is to take up a bouquet that belongs to them. So I think that the one who opened the desk, in the first instance, was the one who was the most to blame.

Carrie. Well, Miss Alice, that was *me*.

Miss Alice. It is better to say, that was *I*. That was me, would be right in French, but in English it is more correct to say that it was *I*.

Midget. But, Miss Alice, I think I was more to blame in pulling the bouquet away from her, than she was in opening the desk.

Miss Alice. That was wrong, it is true, but then that was done by a sudden and thoughtless impulse ; whereas, opening the desk to see what was in it, was a deliberate wrong.

Midget. We're very sorry we did it, Miss Alice.

Miss Alice. You are very good girls to come and tell me. But we can not talk about it any more now, for this is the place where I must turn off to go where I live. But come early this afternoon, and I will talk with you about it at my desk. Till then you need not think of it at all. Good-by.

Children. Good-by, Miss Alice.

Scene V.

Carrie and Midget are to be punished.

SCENE V.

MISS ALICE, CARRIE, MIDGET.

*The school-room. Miss Alice at her desk. Enter Midget and Carrie.**Midget.* Here we are, Miss Alice.*Miss Alice.* That's right. I knew you would come. I have been thinking about the bouquet. I don't think that you did any thing *very* wrong—still I think you had better be punished for it.*Midget.* (After a moment's pause.) Well, Miss Alice, we will.*Miss Alice.* You see you came and confessed to me that you did it. You came of your own accord. Now if I don't punish you for it you will not like to come and confess a fault another time, for fear I should think you do it to escape getting punished.*Carrie.* We should not want to have you think that, Miss Alice.*Miss Alice.* No, I know you would not. Besides, it is much more noble to confess our faults when we know that we bring ourselves punishment by it.*Midget.* Yes, Miss Alice. I think we had better be punished.*Miss Alice.* Well, let me think. What shall the punishment be? What should you think of your having to make fifty straight marks on the slate about two inches long?*Midget.* Well, Miss Alice, we will do that.*Miss Alice.* It will be very hard to make such long marks, and have them straight. But it will be improving to you to make them.

Scene V.

What the punishment is to be.

I don't expect you to make them perfectly straight, you know—but only as straight as you can.

Carrie. But, Miss Alice, how long is two inches?

Miss Alice. About as long as your finger.

Midget. (*Showing on her finger.*) About as long as that?

Miss Alice. Yes.

Midget. Well; we will make the marks.

Miss Alice. And you must make them out of school hours. You may make them in the recess, or you may come before school.

Carrie. We'll make them in the recess, Midget, this very afternoon. Can we make them all in one recess, Miss Alice?

Miss Alice. I don't know. Perhaps not. But if you can not make them in one recess you must take two. You must make them carefully.

Carrie. We will make them very carefully indeed.

Miss Alice. I don't know but that on the whole you ought to make a hundred marks. I am afraid that fifty will not be enough. You see we want to have the punishment pretty severe.

Midget. Yes, Carrie, we will. It shall be a hundred. We will have a good severe punishment.

Carrie. Yes, and that will make us remember never to do so again—never—forever.

SCENE VI.

CARRIE, MIDGET, JANE, and other children.

School-room. Recess. Children playing. Carrie and Midget at their desks, making marks on their slates. Jane looking over.

Carrie. Now, Midget, don't you make them too fast. We have got up to ninety; and I want the last to be the best of all. *Ninety-one.*

Midget. Well, I'll go just as slow as you please.

Carrie. (Very deliberately.) *Ninety-two. Ninety-three. Ninety-four.* Have you made ninety-four?

Midget. Yes, but it is a little crooked.

Carrie. Take care then and make the rest straighter. I want Miss Alice to see that the last ones are the straightest of all.

Jane. You make them very well, Midget—very well indeed. But I should think you would begin to be tired.

Midget. I am tired.

Jane. I would make some of them for you, if that would do.

Midget. No; that would not do.

Jane. Besides, I don't think I could make them as well as you do.

Carrie. *Ninety-eight.* This is ninety-eight.

Midget. Oh, Jenny, you could make them a great deal better.

Carrie. *Ninety-nine.* And now, *One hundred.*

Midget. (Clapping her hands.) There! It's done.

Scene VI.

The punishment is done.

A good song.

Carrie. No ; let us make one more for full measure. *A hundred and one.*

(*Midget makes the last stroke, and then puts down her pencil, and begins capering about the room.*)

Midget. The punishment is done ! The punishment is done !

Carrie. Yes, the punishment is done. Now, I'll put the slates right, and then we'll dance and sing.

(*She places the slates side by side on the teacher's desk, so that Miss Alice can see them when she comes in ; and then the children form a ring.*)

Carrie. Come, Midget, make us up a song.

Midget. Well. (*She sings.*)

Dance and sing

Round the ring ;

Now's the time to dance and play ;

To own our faults is just the thing,

For that takes all the pain away.

Jane. That 's a good song. I'll come and sing that song.

Carrie. Yes, Jenny, come, right in here between me and Midget.

(*Jane comes and joins the ring ; and then the children dance and sing the song again.*)

Scene I.

George, Victor, and James in the garden.



DIALOGUE IV.

THE SMASH-UP.

PERSONS.

GEORGE, *the Gardener.*

JAMES STEADY.

VICTOR, *James's Cousin.*

MR. LIVERY,	}	Stable Keepers.
MR. ROCKAWAY,		

HOSTLER.

SCENE I.

GEORGE THE GARDENER, VICTOR, JAMES. *Afterward a hostler.*

A garden. George the gardener at work. Enter Victor and James. Victor is smartly dressed, with a feather in his cap, and is flourishing his whip.

Victor. In five minutes the wagon is going to be ready. Old Livery was not willing at first to let me have his horse. But I promised him well, and so at last he said yes. But when I get him,

Scene L

Victor's boastings.

The gardener's ideas.

you 'll see how I 'll make him go ahead. I 'll keep him on the gallop all the time.

Gardener. Are you going on horseback or in a wagon?

Victor. In a wagon ; and you 'll see how I 'll make Livery's old go-cart rattle over the stones.

Gardener. Ah, Victor, you don't seem to have the least idea of any limit, either to the strength of a horse or of a wagon.

Victor. No ; and I tell you there is no limit when I get hold of them. I make them come up to the mark, you may depend. (*He struts about, snapping his whip.*)

Enter HOSTLER.

Hostler. The wagon is ready, Master Victor, and Mr. Livery wants to know if you will be good enough to drive carefully.

Victor. Oh, yes. He is always wanting us to drive carefully. I 'll show you how carefully I 'll drive. (*The Hostler and Victor go out.*)

Gardener. He 'll worry out the horse and break the wagon. He has no right ideas in regard to the strength of either the one or the other.

James. Why, George, a wagon is made very strong. It is all ironed.

Gardener. True, it is ironed, and it is made strong enough for right and careful usage ; but going on a gallop over rough and stony roads, or over gridiron bridges, would soon break any wagon to pieces.

James. Then why don't they put on thicker and stouter irons, and so make the wagon strong enough not to be broken, if the roads are ever so stony ?

Scene I.

Strength of the horse and of a wagon.

Gardener. Because that would make it so much heavier. They want the wagon to be as light as possible, so that it can be drawn easily and go fast. A wagon made for careful usage can be made quite light. If it is to have rough and careless usage, then it must be made heavy and clumsy. Now, all gentlemen, when they are going to have a wagon, prefer to have it light, so that it may go fast and prettily where the ground is smooth. It is true that if they have such a wagon, they are obliged to be careful of it, and always to go gently over rough places; but still they prefer to do that, rather than to have a clumsy and heavy wagon that it would be hard for the horse to draw.

James. I'm sure I should rather have such a light wagon.

Gardener. So should I, and so would any person of common sense. But silly boys, who don't understand this, get a wagon that is made light, for careful men, and they go rattling over the stones in it, without any thought or care. Then the first thing they know there comes a break-down.

James. Yes, the wagons are always getting broken when Victor rides. But he thinks he does not break them. They break themselves, he says. But, George, how is it about the horse?

Gardener. Well, with the horse it is very much the same as with the wagon. The horse works with his muscles. His muscles are a part of his flesh. He has muscles enough to work a number of hours at a time, and to work pretty hard, but if you make him do more than his muscles are fitted for, you tire him out, and if you twitch and pull him about, as Victor does, you *worry* him out, which is just as bad.

Scene I.

Important principles.

Rule for driving.

James. Then if the horse had more and larger muscles he would be stronger and could go faster.

Gardener. He would be stronger but he could not go faster, for he would have such a load of muscles to carry that he would be heavy and clumsy.

James. Still, I should like a horse with a great many very large muscles, so as to have him very strong, indeed.

Gardener. Then all you have to do is to take an ox. An ox is just such an animal. He has a great many muscles, and they make him heavy and clumsy; but then he is prodigiously strong. A horse has fewer and smaller muscles, and so he is lighter and slenderer, and can go faster. But then his strength is sooner exhausted, and if we want him to hold out we must use him more carefully. A boy is not fit to drive a horse unless he knows what a horse's strength really is, and what he can do. And in the same manner he is not fit to drive a wagon unless he knows what the strength of a wagon is, and how much it will bear.

James. But, George, then what shall I do? for I don't know exactly how much the strength of a horse is, or even of a wagon.

Gardener. Then you must do as you see other prudent and careful gentlemen do. Drive as you see that *they* drive, and no faster. In this way you will be sure to keep within bounds, and you will take back your horse and wagon to the stable in good order. Then the stable men will always be ready to let you their horses and carriages. Indeed that is the way you do act now. Mr. Livery told me the other day that he would rather let you a horse and carriage, than any boy of your age in town.

Scene II.

Victor comes in wounded.

James. Did he ?

Gardener. Yes. He said your horse always came home in nearly as good order as he went out. But here comes Victor again.

SCENE II.

THE GARDENER, VICTOR, JAMES.

Enter Victor, limping and holding his hand upon his knee.

Victor. Oo-oo-oo !

James. What's the matter ?

Victor. Oo—I've had a smash-up. Oo ! That crazy old cart. Oo-oo—(*He sits down on a bench holding his knee and groaning.*)

James. Did you get hurt ?

Victor. Yes, I was going straight along the road, and the old cart broke down and pitched me out—Oo-oo !

James. Did it break down ?

Victor. Yes—or at least something gave way, so that it pitched me out. There is not one of old Livery's carriages that will bear the least joggle, in going along the road, without breaking down. Oh !—Dear me ! I expect I've strained one of the tendons of my knee.

Gardener. (*Taking up his tools to go away.*) I think it is something worse than straining a tendon that you have done, by your smash-up.

Victor. Worse ? Why, what do you think I have hurt. The

Scene III.

Victor thinks that he has hurt his knee-pan.

bone is not broken I am sure, and I don't think my knee is out of joint. (*He feels of his knee and presently tries to walk, and finds that he can walk, though with difficulty.*) What do you think it is?

Gardener. It is something much more delicate and more difficult to be righted again when it is injured, than any tendon. (*The gardener goes out.*)

Victor. I expect he means my knee-pan. I've heard people say that a boy's knee-pan is very delicate and very bad to be cured, when it gets hurt. It must be my knee-pan. (*He sits down and feels of his knee again in order to ascertain whether the knee-pan is hurt.*)

James. I think you had better go into the house and have your knee bandaged up.

Victor. Well, I will. Let me lean upon you.

SCENE III.

MR. LIVERY, MR. ROCKAWAY.

An office connected with a stable. Mr. Livery at a desk making entries on a slate.

Whips hanging up against the walls. Mr. Rockaway is sitting on a settee near the door.

Mr. Livery. Yes, I think your new bays make about as fine a team as I have seen this long while.

Mr. Rockaway. They make a splendid team. I shall be careful who I let them to, I assure you.

Mr. Livery. Yes, and I'm going to be more and more careful

Scene III.

Conversation at the stable.

James Steady's character.

who I let any of my horses to. I am determined that I *will not* have my horses abused. People sometimes say that they 'll pay the damage—but that don't help it. A horse is a noble and generous animal, and I am determined that I *will not* have mine abused—pay or no pay.

Mr. Rockaway. Yes, and then there are the carriages. When we have got our carriages all put in nice order, and every thing neat and trig for service, and then when some harum-scarum fellow, with no more brains than a black beetle bumping against the trees in the day time, runs on over the stones, or over the jolts, and ditches in the road, till he breaks down the springs or the axle-tree—he comes and thinks he makes it all right by offering to pay the damage. He would not make it right by paying double the damage.

Mr. Livery. I think so too. I 'm going to weed out my customers. I have been plagued by some of them long enough—some boys particularly.

Mr. Rockaway. Yes, but there are *some* boys that I would as lief let a horse to, as to any *man*.

Mr. Livery. Yes. There 's James Steady, for instance. My horses always come back to the stable when he has them, in just about as good order as they go out. And yet he gets over the ground too, very fast. He knows just what a horse can do. He lets him go ahead on smooth and level ground ; but he never gets him flurried and out of wind by driving him fast up hill. He never goes hard over a jolt, or over rough ground. I verily believe he would drive a wagon ten miles without any tires, and come back with scarcely a dint in the felloes.

Scene III.

The pony.

Victor's reputation.

Mr. Rockaway. He's very different from his cousin Victor.

Mr. Livery. Yes. I've done with Victor.

Mr. Rockaway. By the way, I have bought a beautiful black cantering pony. He is coming in a few days. I have got him expressly to let to boys.

Mr. Livery. Ah! won't they like him?

Mr. Rockaway. He's as kind as a lamb. He canters, too, so easily. Why, he will canter all day just as a dog would trot.

Mr. Livery. That is *exactly* what the boys like.

Mr. Rockaway. But you think I'd better not trust Victor with him?

Mr. Livery. So far as my interests are concerned I should like to have you trust him with the pony.

Mr. Rockaway. Why so?

Mr. Livery. Because I am sure he would soon ruin him, and then you would have one less horse to let, and so I should get some of your custom.

Mr. Rockaway. I suppose he *would* soon ruin him.

Mr. Livery. Yes, he would spoil his wind galloping him up the hills, or he would sprain his joints scrambling over steep banks, or racing over stony ground. Then every now and then he would get angry with him and beat him unmercifully, or spoil his mouth twitching his head about with the bridle rein. He has done my horses a great deal of mischief in that way; and I'm determined not to let him have them any more.

Mr. Rockaway. What will you say to him when he comes to hire them.

Scene III.

End of the conversation at the stable.

Mr. Livery. (Laughing.) I'll send him to you. I'll tell him I have not any horse in, that I can let him have very well, but that you have got plenty, and tell him to go to you.

Mr. Rockaway. And whenever he comes to me, I'll tell him the same thing and send him to you. So we will keep him going back and forth till he gets tired.

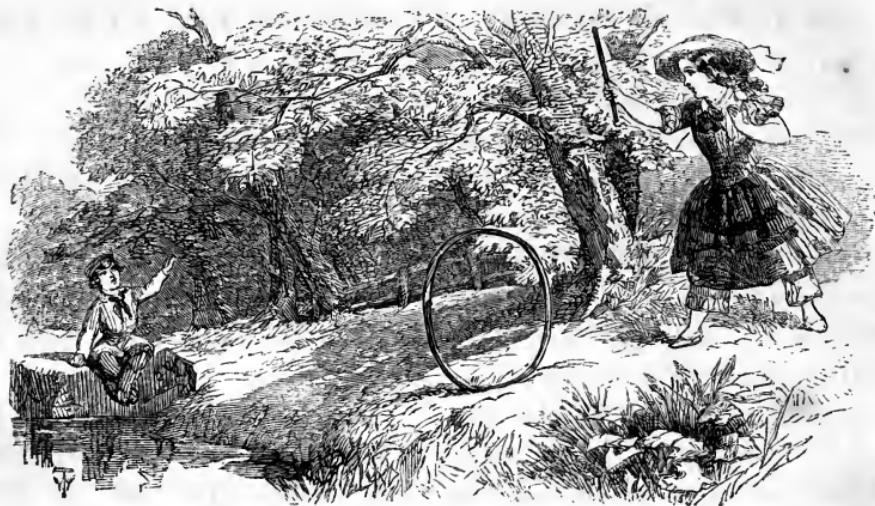
Mr. Livery. That will be serving him right. I should be willing to let him have my horses and carriages as much as he pleases, if he would only use them properly; but I am determined that I will not have them abused any longer.

Mr. Rockaway. Neither will I. I am fully determined on that point. And unless we are willing to have our horses and carriages abused, we must not let them any more to such boys as he.

Mr. Livery. He has just broken down one of my light wagons, and pitched himself out. Luckily for him he fell on the grass. They brought him in here in the wagon. At first I thought he was hurt a good deal and I examined his knee, but I found it was only bruised a little. So he did not hurt his knee so much as he did my wagon, but he has smashed up his *character* entirely.

Scene L

Picture of the children trundling the hoop.



DIALOGUE V.

THE HOOP AND THE MARBLE; OR, WHOSE IS THE LOSS?

PERSONS.

GRANDMOTHER,
CHARLES,|
ANNE, *his sister,*
RUFUS, *Charles's playmate.*

SCENE I.

GRANDMOTHER, CHARLES, ANNE.

Scene in a parlor. Grandmother, sitting in a comfortable arm-chair, knitting. Enter Charles and Anne from out of doors. Charles has a hoop and stick in his hand. Anne follows sorrowfully.

Charles. We'll leave it to grandmother. Grandmother, here's cousin Anne that thinks I ought to give her my hoop, because hers trundled into the river. Do you think I ought?

Scene I.

The dispute.

Charles's statement of the case.

Anne. Oh, Charles! It did not trundle in of itself. You trundled it in.

Charles. Oh, no, grandmother, I am sure I did not trundle it in. It went in itself; it turned round expressly and went in.

Anne. Oh, Charles, you was trundling it yourself. I'm sure it was not my fault at all.

Charles. (*At the same time.*) You trundled it, Anne, too.

Grandmother. Stop children; do n't talk so fast and all mixed up together. How many stories do you think I can hear and understand at a time?

Charles. Well, grandmother, I'll tell you all about it.

Grandmother. That's right. Begin at the beginning, and tell it straight through. And tell it strong against yourself. Do n't cover up what is in Anne's favor and make the best of your side; but tell it honestly.

Charles. Well, grandmother, I'll tell it honestly. This is the way it was. You see Anne and I were out in the field playing pretty near the bank of the river. Anne would trundle her hoop toward the bank, and then run and catch it before it went over. I sat on a stone by the bank and looked on. After a while I wanted to try it. I did it once very well; but the second time it went too fast; and before I could catch it, it went over the bank into the water; and so the current floated it away. It was not my fault at all. I did not mean to have it go exactly toward the bank; but it turned of itself to go that way.

Anne. Oh, Charles!

Charles. It did truly, grandmother. I did not mean to lose the

Scene I

The case argued.

Decision reserved.

hoop, and so I don't think I ought to pay for it. It was only an accident.

Anne. I don't think it was an accident at all. And besides, you borrowed my hoop, and I think you ought to give it back to me.

Charles. But I can't give it back to you.

Anne. Then you ought to give me another.

Charles. But I could not help it. If the hoop was of a mind to turn and go toward the river after it began to roll, how could I help it? I ran after it and tried to catch it, but I could not. I came very near going over the bank myself.

Anne. Don't you think he ought to give me his hoop—or else buy me another, grandmother?

Charles. But I have not got any money to buy one with, for you.

Anne. Oh, Charles! you have got more than a dollar in your box.

Charles. Well, that is money that I am saving up to buy me a watch. I could not possibly spare any of that to buy a hoop with, even for myself. Do you think I ought to, grandmother? I am very sorry that I lost the hoop, but I could not help it. It was a calamity that happened to us, Anne, and we must bear it as patiently as we can.

Grandmother. Well, children. I can't tell about it all at once. I must have time to think. Lend her your hoop a little while, Charles, and let her go and play with it, and when she comes in I'll tell you what you had better do.

Charles. Here Anne. Play with it as long as you like. (*Anne takes the hoop and goes out.*)

Scene II.

Charles alone.

Rufus comes in.

SCENE II.

GRANDMOTHER, CHARLES. *Afterward* RUFUS *and* ANNE.

Charles. Now, grandmother, what shall *I* do? Could not I go out and see Anne trundle the hoop?

Grandmother. No, you must stay here. If you go out you and Anne will get to disputing about the hoop again. You must play here till she comes in.

Charles. Well. I'll stay. I can have some fun playing marbles. (*He takes some marbles out of his pocket.*) I only wish that there was somebody to play with me.

Enter RUFUS.

Rufus. Halloo, Charlie.

Charles. Ah, Rufus, is that you? I am glad that you have come. I was just wanting somebody to play marbles with me.

Rufus. Agreed. I've got my marbles in my pocket. Let us shoot birds.

Charles. Good. Grandmother, we are going to play shoot birds, but we will try not to make much noise, and then it will not disturb you.

Grandmother. It will not disturb me if you play happily together, and do n't dispute and quarrel.

Charles. Oh, we won't quarrel.

(*The boys sit down upon the floor at a distance, apart, and facing each other. They begin to snap the marbles back and forth endeavoring to make them hit each other as they pass.*)

Scene II.

The marble lost.

A new question.

Charles. I almost hit that time.

Rufus. Now you throw, and let me see if I can hit.

Charles. I'll throw my alley. You may suppose it is some beautiful parrot flying through the woods.

Rufus. That's a very pretty alley of yours. I've got one just as pretty. Yours is very true and round. I could hit the ring with it almost across the room. Let me try. (*Rufus gets up and places four marbles in a ring, near one side of the room, and then, going off at a distance, snaps the alley toward them. The alley rolls off down into a crack under the wainscot.*)

Charles. There now, my alley is gone.

Rufus. Oh, I'll get it. It has not gone far. (*The boys get down on their knees over the crack, and crowd their heads together, trying to see.*)

Rufus. Charles, your head is in the way, so that I can't see.

Charles. No, Rufus it is *your* head that is in the way, so that *I* can't see.

Rufus. It is a very deep hole.

Charles. Yes, and my alley is lost entirely. Now Rufus!

Rufus. (*Looking confused.*) Well, Charlie, I am sorry. I truly am. I did not know that there was such a great crack here.

Charles. And now I have not got any alley at all. I think you ought to give me yours to pay for losing mine.

Rufus. Oh, Charles! *I* did not lose *yours*, particularly. We lost it together. We were playing together.

Charles. No, you borrowed my alley to see whether you could

Scene II.

Charles and Rufus argue the case.

not hit the ring across the room, and so you lost it, and now I think you ought to pay me for it. Ought n't he, grandmother?

Rufus. Why, I did not mean to lose it, Charlie. It was an accident entirely. I rolled it out this way, but I did not mean that it should go down into the crack. I did not think of such a thing as there being any crack there.

Charles. No matter. You lost it, and you ought to give me yours, or else buy me another. Ought n't he, grandmother?

Rufus. Don't you think it was an accident, grandmother?

Grandmother. Yes, it was an accident; but whose accident was it—yours or Charlie's?

Rufus. Why, it was Charlie's, at least it was an accident that happened to *his marble*.

Grandmother. Ah, but who caused the accident? That is the question.

Rufus. Well, I suppose I caused it.

Grandmother. You rolled the marble for your own pleasure; and the general rule is, that whoever gets the benefit must bear the risk of loss. I think it ought to be your loss, and not Charlie's.

Rufus. Then you think I ought to give him my alley!

Grandmother. Yes, if he claims it. He can do just as he pleases about claiming it. But if he claims it, I think you ought to give it to him, or else give him another as good as the one you lost.

Rufus. (*Good-naturedly.*) Well, I will. Here, Charlie. Here it is. I think it is fair, what grandmother says.

Scene II.

The two cases decided together.

Enter ANNE with the hoop.

Grandmother. So, then, that 's all settled. And now, Charlie, how about the hoop ?

Charlie. About the hoop ? (*Confused.*) Yes, there 's the question about the hoop. Yes. Well—well, after all, grandmother, it seems to me that the question about the hoop is pretty much the same thing.

Grandmother. I think so too.

Charlie. I see it now. I ought to give Anne my hoop, and will. You may keep it, Anne. I can buy me another with a part of my money. It will only be putting off getting my watch a little longer.

Grandmother. True, and it is much better to go without a watch a little longer than to be unjust.

Charles. And now, grandmother, I suppose we can all go out, and play together.

Grandmother. Yes ; away with you. (*Children all go out.*)

Grandmother. (*Alone.*) They are good children, after all. When they once understand what their duty is, they are willing to do it.

SCENE III.

GRANDMOTHER, ANNE, CHARLES.

(Enter Anne and Charles, talking to each other.)

Anne. You go back, Charles. I want to speak to grandmother.

Charles. But I want to speak to her too.

Scene III.

Anne gives up her claim.

So does Charles.

Anne. Well, you shall come presently. I only just want to say one word, and then you shall come. (*She pushes Charles away gently.*)

Anne. (*Approaching her grandmother, with her hoop in her hand.*) Grandmother, here is Charles's hoop. I have concluded not to take it away from him. You said I was not obliged to, unless I claimed it. And I don't claim it. I think it was an accident; and so when he comes in, I want you to give him back his hoop, and tell him it is all his own as much as ever it was.

Grandmother. Very well, I will. (*Anne goes out.* Charles comes in. *Grandmother hides the hoop behind her.*)

Charles. Grandmother, I think I wont take Rufus's marble. He did not mean to lose it; and I don't think he was to blame at all; and I don't care a great deal about it. So I want you to give it back to him when he comes in.

Grandmother. Very well, I'll give it back to him. You have a right to keep it if you please; but you are not obliged to keep it. You can bear the loss of the accident yourself, if you choose to do it.

Charles. Yes, grandmother, I do choose to bear it. So you may give him the marble back again. (*Charles runs out.*)

Grandmother. That's the kind of children for you! What a happiness they are to me in my old age.

Scene I.

Picture of Maria offering to go for the water.



DIALOGUE VI.

BOY NOT WANTED.

PERSONS.

GEORGE.

EGBERT, *George's brother.*ALPHONZO, *cousin of George and Egbert; a lame boy.*JEREMIAH, *brother of Alphonzo.*JOHNNY, *a small boy, brother of Alphonzo and Jeremiah.*MARIA, *a small girl, sister of George and Egbert.*PRUDENCE, *a domestic.*

SCENE I.

EGBERT, ALPHONZO, JEREMIAH; afterward JOHNNY, MARIA, and PRUDENCE.

A back piazza of a country house, opening upon a green and shady yard. Egbert, Alphonzo, and Jeremiah, getting ready to go into the woods nutting.

Alphonzo. Where's George, Egbert?

Scene I.

Johnny insists on going a nutting.

Egbert. He's coming pretty soon. He said he would be here in five minutes. He was waiting to get a bag.

Jeremiah. That's right; and we must get our bag too. But, Egbert, you had better go on with Alphonzo. He can't walk quite so fast. You and he can go on slowly; and we shall overtake you by the time you get to the pasture-hill. I have got to grind my knife a little, too, before I go.

Egbert. Well, come, Alphonzo; we will go on ahead. You must come on as soon as you can. (*Egbert and Alphonzo go out.*)

Enter JOHNNY and MARIA.

Johnny. Where are you going, Jeremiah?

Jeremiah. We are going up into the woods a nutting. But first I have got to sharpen my knife. Will you come and turn for me a little?

Johnny. I mean to go with you. I like to go a nutting.

Jeremiah. Oh, no, Johnny; it is too far for you. You are too little a fellow to go so far.

Johnny. No I'm not. I can go as well as any of you.

Jeremiah. Well, then, at any rate come and turn the grindstone for me a few minutes, and help me grind my knife.

Johnny. Oh, no. I don't like to turn a grindstone. Besides, you do n't want a knife to go a nutting.

Jeremiah. Yes, Johnny. I want it to cut a pole to reach up with, and thrash the nuts off the trees

Johnny. I think the knife is sharp enough now; and besides, I do n't want to grind it. But I'll tell you. I'll help you grind it, if you will let me hold the knife, and you turn.

Scene I.

Contrast between Johnny and Maria.

Jeremiah. Hoh ! Johnny, you could not do that.

Maria. (*Timidly.*) Do you think that I could turn the grind-stone, Jeremiah ?

Jeremiah. Perhaps you could. You may come and try. The knife don't want grinding much. And, Johnny, while we are doing it, you go up into my room and look into the closet, and bring down my beechnut bag. It's on the shelf.

Johnny. No, I can't go.

Jeremiah. Ah, yes, Johnny ; that's a good boy.

Johnny. No. Besides, I can't reach up to that shelf.

Jeremiah. You can get a chair, Johnny. There's a chair there—right by the window.

Johnny. (*In a complaining tone.*) No, I can't go. I don't want to go. I'm tired. (*Prudence appears looking out at the window.*)

Prudence. What do you want, Jeremiah ?

Jeremiah. I want my bag—the one I gather beechnuts in. It is up on the shelf in my closet. I wish you would make Johnny go and get it for me.

Prudence. I'll go and get it myself. And I'll look at it and see if there are any holes in it; and if there are, I'll mend them.

Jeremiah. Good ! And now, Maria, you and I will go and grind the knife. (*Jeremiah and Maria go away, and Prudence disappears from the window.*)

Johnny. (*Sitting down upon the piazza, and muttering.*) I could not go away up all those stairs to get the bag. I'm tired.

Scene II.

Johnny makes the boys wait for him.

SCENE II.

GEORGE, JEREMIAH. *Afterward* JOHNNY.*A path through the fields, among rocks and bushes.*

Jeremiah. You see, Egbert and Alphonzo went on ahead, because Alphonzo could not walk very fast.

George. How far do you think they have got by this time? (*A sound is heard, as of some one calling at a distance from behind.*)

Jeremiah. Hark! there is Johnny.

Johnny. (*At a distance.*) Jer-e-mi-ah! Jer-e-mi-ah! Wait for me-e-e-e!

Jeremiah. Yes, it's Johnny. What a continual plague he is. Let us hide behind these bushes.

Johnny. (*Still in the distance.*) Jer-e-mi-ah! Wait for me-e-e!

Jeremiah. Let's hide quick.

George. Oh, let us wait here for him. He likes to go with us, poor little fellow! (*Calling out aloud.*) Here we are, Johnny! We'll wait.

Jeremiah. He is such a great plague. He is always wanting us to do something for him, and he will never do any thing for us.

George. He's old enough to help a good deal.

Jeremiah. Yes, he's old enough; but the things that he wants

Scene III.

Nutting scene on the mountains.

to do he can't do, and the things that he can do he won't do. Maria is worth a dozen of him. She is always willing to do all she can. So I told her where we were going, and sent her on forward. We shall come in sight of her pretty soon. She always keeps far ahead, so as not to make us wait. But Johnny is always lagging behind, and then calling upon us to wait for him.

Enter JOHNNY.

Johnny. I don't see what makes you go so fast.

George. We don't go fast, Johnny. It is you that go slow.

Jeremiah. Yes. Why did not you go on ahead with Maria, and so not keep us waiting?

Johnny. Why, I did not think that you would go so fast. I stopped to try to catch a bird.

Jeremiah. To catch a bird! What nonsense. When we are in a hurry to get to the woods, to keep us all back by stopping to catch a bird! But come, hurry on now, and don't keep us waiting any more.

SCENE III.

GEORGE, EGBERT, ALPHONZO, JEREMIAH, JOHNNY, MARIA.

The woods. George in a tree, shaking the branches. Egbert below, knocking the outer branches of the tree with a long pole. Jeremiah and Alphonzo on the ground, picking up the nuts and putting them in a bag. Maria is helping them. At a little distance, Johnny is sitting on a stone, singing and striking the ground with a switch. A small tin pail is near him, on another stone.

Jeremiah. (Calling to Johnny.) Come, Johnny, come and help us pick up the nuts.

Scene III.

Johnny's idea of his own importance.

Johnny. (In a careless tone.) Well, I will come pretty soon.

Alphonzo. (Lifting up the bag.) See, we have got the bag half full already.

Jeremiah. When we get home we will divide them equally into as many shares as there are boys.

George. And Maria, too.

Jeremiah. Yes, and Maria, too. For she helps as much as any body—and Prudence. We will give Prudence some. But not Johnny. Johnny does not deserve any share.

Johnny. Yes I do.

Jeremiah. Why? I should like to know.

Johnny. Because I came up here with you to help get them.

Jeremiah. Then why don't you help us get them?

Johnny. Why, I'm going to pretty soon.

Alphonzo. I'll tell you what you can do, Johnny. You can go down to the spring and bring us up a pail full of good cool water.

Johnny. (In a fretful tone.) Oh, no. I don't know where the spring is.

Jeremiah. Why, yes, Johnny. You have been there with us twenty times.

Johnny. Yes, but I don't know the way to it exactly. Besides, I can't bring water in a pail. It always spills.

Alphonzo. Put a leaf on the top of the water, Johnny, and then it won't spill.

Johnny. (Fretfully.) No, I don't want to go.

Maria. (Running toward the place where Jeremiah and Johnny are.) Let me go, Jeremiah. I can go.

Scene III.

Maria goes for the water.

A plan formed.

Johnny. No, you can't, Maria, you are not big enough. You'll spill the water all over your dress.

Maria. But I'll only bring the pail half full.

Johnny. Then there won't be enough.

Maria. Ah, but then I'll go again. I can go twice. I should like to go, Jeremiah.

Jeremiah. Well, Maria. That's a good girl. There's the pail. Are you sure that you can find the way?

Maria. Yes, I know the way. There's a path that leads right down to it. (*She takes the pail.*)

Johnny. I've a great mind to go too. I believe I will. I'll go with you Maria if you'll carry the pail; because I've got my spanker to carry. I call this switch my spanker. (*Johnny and Maria go out.*)

Jeremiah. Now when Johnny comes back he will claim the credit of getting that water, and will think he ought to have a bigger share of the nuts than any other boy in the company.

Egbert. I propose that we go a fishing as soon as we get back to the house with our nuts.

Jeremiah. Agreed.

Alphonzo. If we can only contrive some way to get off without letting Johnny know.

George. Why, Johnny might help us a good deal. He could help us about getting bait.

Jeremiah. He might help us, but he won't. He don't do us any good and is always making trouble.

Egbert. Then let us go without him. But we will let Maria go.

Scene IV.

Alphonzo's management of Johnny.

Jeremiah. Yes, but how shall we contrive to get away from Johnny?

Alphonzo. I will tell you how we will manage it. When we get home we will all separate, except that I will keep with Johnny. Then you all get your fishing lines, and go one by one, and secretly, round behind the corn-barn. We will all meet there. Then I'll contrive some way to get clear of Johnny and come there too.

Egbert. But how about Maria?

Jeremiah. I'll take care of her. I can manage with her very well.

Egbert. Then that's all agreed upon; and now hush! not another word, for they are coming with the water.

SCENE IV.

GEORGE, EGBERT, ALPHONZO, and JEREMIAH.

A place behind a corn-barn. Egbert is digging the ground, with a small spade, to get worms for bait. The others are busy with their fishing lines.

George. Well, Alphonzo. How did you manage about Johnny?

Alphonzo. Oh, I got along exceedingly well. He was sitting on the piazza eating nuts, and I asked him to go out in the garden for me and get my cap, which I had left on a seat there, next to my strawberry bed. I left it there on purpose. I knew he would not go and get it for me. So when I asked him to go and get it he said that he could not very well. Then I said I should have to go myself. He said he would wait there on the piazza till I came back.

Scene IV.

Contrivance to take Maria.

An argument.

Then I went and got my cap, and if he waits there till I come back, he'll have to wait a great while. (*The boys laugh.*)

George. That was good. And Jeremiah, what did you do about Maria?

Jeremiah. Why, I could not tell her that we were going a fishing, because Johnny was there at the time. But I knew that she would like to go. She always likes to go with us, and take her book with her, and sit on the bank and read, while we fish; or else gather flowers and make bouquets of them. So I asked her to go down to the great red gate, which is right on her way, and look about there and see if she could find my knife, and I said that if she could not find it, she might wait there ten minutes, and I would come. If she did not come back in ten minutes, I would come down to her. And she is waiting there now I suppose.

George. Good!

Jeremiah. Then I went into the house and got a book for her, and also some threads for her to tie up bouquets with.

George. Excellent! You managed it very well indeed.

Egbert. But I don't think you did quite right. You deceived them both.

Alphonzo. No; I did not deceive any body. I asked Johnny to go out into the garden and get my cap. And the cap was really there. If he had gone there for it, he would have found it. I did not deceive him at all.

Jeremiah. And I'm sure I did not deceive Maria. I did not tell her that I had lost my knife at the gate. I only asked her to look about there, and see if she could find it. I'm sure she can't

Scene V.

Johnny can not imagine why the boys go away and leave him.

find it, it is true, for it is not lost. Here it is. (*He takes his knife out of his pocket.*)

Egbert. It seems to me that you deceived her, in making her think that you had lost it.

Jeremiah. But I did not tell her that I had lost it. The only thing that I told her was, that I would come down in ten minutes; and that is what I am going to do. Come, it is time to go. Have not you got bait enough, Egbert?

Egbert. Yes, about enough. Just let me shut my box, and then we will go.

SCENE V.

JOHNNY, PRUDENCE.

A yard near the house. Johnny sitting on a step of the door. Prudence at an open window.

Johnny. I can not imagine where the boys have gone.

Prudence. Have you looked all about for them?

Johnny. Yes, I've looked everywhere. I've been in the garden, and out in the barn; and just now I ran over to uncle's, and they are not there.

Prudence. I expect that they have gone off somewhere.

Johnny. Yes, and left me at home all alone. They are always contriving some way to get off, and leave me behind; and I think it is a shame.

Prudence. It is very strange that they do so.

Johnny. Yes; and I think it is a real shame.

Scene V.

Prudence enlightens him on the subject.

Prudence. Can't you think of any reason for it?

Johnny. (*Pettishly.*) No, there *is n't* any reason.

Prudence. They always seem to be willing to have Maria go with them.

Johnny. Yes, and Maria is not any older than I am. I don't think they have any right to show such partiality.

Prudence. Can't you think of any reason why they like to have Maria go with them, and don't like to have you?

Johnny. No; I can't think of any reason at all; and I'm sure there is not any *good* reason.

Prudence. I know what the reason is. It is because Maria is always willing to do every thing that she can to help them; but you, on the other hand, are very seldom willing to do any thing.

Johnny. Oh, Prudence! I *am* willing. I always do every thing they ask me.

Prudence. Oh, Johnny!

Johnny. Why, I offered to help Jeremiah to grind his knife a little while ago, and he would not let me.

Prudence. Yes, that's just the way. You offered to hold the knife on the grindstone, which is something you don't know how to do. You always trouble the boys by wanting to do what you are not old enough to do; and then when they ask you to do something that you can do, you won't.

Johnny. Well—well—

Prudence. And that's the reason why they are not willing that you should go with them when they go away to play. That's the true reason, you may depend. At least that is my opinion of the

Scene V.

Prudence reasons the case with Johnny.

matter; and I advise you to consider it well, and see if it is not true.

Johnny. I don't think it is.

Prudence. Jeremiah asked you to go and turn the grindstone a little for him, and you would not go.

Johnny. Well, that is because it always tires me so much to turn the grindstone. It is such very hard work.

Prudence. Then he asked you to go up and get his bag, and you would not do that.

Johnny. Well—well—I—

Prudence. It is of no use for you to try to think of any excuse. The real reason is, that you are not willing to help the boys, when you might just as well as not; and that is the reason why they do not wish to have you with them, you may depend. (*Prudence goes away.*)

Johnny. I wonder if that is it. I verily believe it is. Yes, I truly believe it is. Prudence has got it. And now I'll tell you what I mean to do. I mean to do every thing for them I can, and then see if they won't like to have me go with them. And besides that, if I can help it, I will never make them any trouble. But oh! dear me! I wish I knew where they have gone.

Scene I.

Picture of Fanny bringing paper for the messenger.



DIALOGUE VII.

THE ONE-SIDED STORY.

PERSONS.

TIMBOO, *a domestic.*OSCAR, *a boy.*CARROLL, *Oscar's brother.*FANNY, *his sister.*

SCENE I.

OSCAR, CARROLL.

A place before a barn. Timboo's voice heard within the barn, calling to the horses and oxen. Oxen lowing. Horses stamping with their feet.

(Timboo. Stand still, General, and let me put these oats in your crib. Whoa!)

Scene I.

A discussion about kite and twine.

Enter OSCAR and CARROLL.

Oscar. Hark, there's Timboo in the barn. Let us go in and help him pitch down the hay.

(Timboo. *Whoa!*)

Carroll. No. I'll tell you what we'll do. We'll go and fly my kite. See, there is a good wind. If you will lend me your twine, I'll go and fly my kite.

Oscar. No, you lend me your kite and I'll go and fly it with my twine.

Carroll. Oh dear me! I wish I had a twine of my own.

Oscar. Oh dear me! I wish I had a kite of my own.

Carroll. I think you ought to lend me your twine, and let me fly the kite, for the kite is the most important part. What would the twine be good for without a kite?

Oscar. Oh no, I think the twine is the most important part. What would a kite be good for without a twine?

Carroll. (After a pause.) Well, we will do it together. You lend me your twine, and I'll lend you my kite, and we'll go and fly the kite together.

Oscar. Agreed.

Carroll. We'll unite.

Oscar. Yes, that is the best thing we can do.

(Timboo's voice. *Stand round, old Goldin!*)

(The boys go off singing :)

Hi-yo! ho! Here we go!

Kites go up when the breezes blow;

Hi-yo! for windy weather.

Scene II.

Fanny calls.

She runs to overtake the boys.

You own the kite, I own the twine,
 You lend me yours, I lend you mine,
 And we will play together.

(Timboo's voice in the barn. Whoa—stand round, old Goldin!)

SCENE II.

OSCAR, CARROLL, FANNY.

A field. Oscar and Carroll sitting on a log. Carroll has the kite in his lap, and Oscar holds the twine.

Carroll. I tell you we had better go up on the hill. There is not wind enough here, but there is a first-rate breeze on the hill.

Oscar. Ah, but there are so many trees there. The string will get tangled in the trees, and then I shall lose it.

Carroll. Oh, no. I'll risk it.

(A child's voice is heard in the distance, calling out, Boys!)

Carroll. Hark! there's Fanny. I am sorry she is coming.

Oscar. Why she will like to see us send up the kite.

Carroll. Yes, but then she will be in the way. She always gets in the way, and then gets all tangled up in the tail.

Enter FANNY.

Fanny. Ah, boys, I could not think where you were. I wan't to go with you and see you fly the kite. Besides, I can help you.

Carroll. Help us! Hoh! What can you do to help us?

Fanny. Why, I can hold the kite, and start it when it is time to let it go up; and besides, I can wind up the twine when you are pulling it in.

Scene III.

The philosophy of dealing with weeds.

Oscar. Let 's let her go, Carroll.

Carroll. Well, Fanny, I 'll tell you what we will do. We want some paper to make messengers of to send up to the kite, and we forgot to bring any. Now if you will go home and get some paper, we will walk along slowly, and you will overtake us, and then you may go with us, and help us fly the kite.

Fanny. Well. Only you must go very slow.

Carroll. We will. But you can run, and so you 'll get back all the sooner.

(*Fanny runs off one way, and the boys, carrying the kite and the twine, go another.*)

SCENE III.

TIMBOO, FANNY.

A garden. Timboo at work hoeing over a walk near a bed of flowers.

Timboo. Now this bed looks pretty well. I 've done it very quick too. The reason of that is, I did not wait till the weeds grew large. And what easy and pretty work it is to hoe over this path, because the weeds in it are young and tender.

When weeds are small,

'Tis easy hoeing;

When grass is tall,

'Tis pretty mowing.

So kill the weeds while they are small,

And only let the grass grow tall.

Scene III.

Timboo's conversation with Fanny.

Enter FANNY.

Timboo. Ah, here comes a young lady. (*He bows to her with great politeness.*) How do you do, Miss Cheveril. I am *very* happy to see you.

Fanny. Oh, Timboo ! I'm not old enough to be called Miss Cheveril. I'm only Fanny.

Timboo. Yes, you are fairly entitled to be called Miss Cheveril, now, though you will lose that name one of these days, I presume.

Fanny. How shall I lose it, Timboo ?

Timboo. Oh, you'll be married, I suppose, when you grow up ; and then you'll be somebody's wife ; and then I shall have to be more respectful to you still. I shall have to make a very low bow, and say, How do you do, Mrs. ——, Mrs. —— ; let us see ; what do you think the name will be ?

Fanny. No ; you tell me what you think it will be.

Timboo. Well, perhaps it will be Mrs. Glibjingle !

Fanny. (*Laughing.*) Mrs. Glibjingle ! Oh, Timboo ! Mrs. Glibjingle ! Oh, Timboo, what a boy you are !

Timboo. Mind, I do n't say that it will really be Mrs. Glibjingle, but only that it may possibly be. If it is, then I shall have to make a very low bow when I see you, and say, How do you do, Mrs. Glibjingle ?

Fanny. Oh, Timboo, what nonsense ! Besides, I never should like any body that was named Glibjingle, I am sure.

Timboo. At any rate, I'm glad you've come out to see me here. But I thought you went out into the field to see the boys fly the kite.

Scene IV.

An appeal to Timboo.

Two talking at once.

Fanny. I did, but they got into a quarrel, and so I came away. I don't like to play with people that are quarreling. I believe they are coming to ask you to settle the dispute, and I think you had better punish them both.

SCENE IV.

TIMBOO, OSCAR, CARROLL.

Enter Oscar and Carroll, bringing a kite and twine. The kite is broken up, and the twine and tail are all entangled together. The boys both speak together.

Oscar. Just see, Timboo! See how Carroll has tangled up my twine.

Carroll. See, Timboo! Just see how Oscar has broken up my kite!

(Timboo raises his finger and the boys suddenly stop.)

Timboo. Wait a moment. You did not start exactly together. If you want both to speak at once, you must start exactly together. Get all ready both of you, and when I say, One, two, three, *begin*; then both set off at once telling the story and talking as loud and as fast as you can.

Carroll. (Vexed.) Nonsense, Timboo! You're only making fun of us, and you're *always* making fun of us. But this is really a serious difficulty and we want you to settle it.

Timboo. I don't see how I'm ever going to find out what it is about.

Carroll. Why, I'll tell you.

Oscar. No, I'll tell you.

Scene IV.

Conditions imposed by Timboo.

Carroll begins.

Timboo. You see there is no way of deciding who shall tell the story. Then, besides, I do n't believe that either of you is *capable* of telling the story.

Carroll. Why not?

Timboo. Because whichever of you undertakes to tell it, he will only tell what is in his own favor. He will keep back, and hide all that is in favor of the other. That is the way that boys always do.

Carroll. No; I won't do so. Let me tell the story, and I'll tell it perfectly fair.

Timboo. Very well. I'll let you try on this condition: for every thing that you keep back, which is in Oscar's favor, and against yourself, you shall be punished.

Carroll. What will the punishment be?

Timboo. Whatever I think best. It will be some good sharp punishment, you may depend. It will make you smart well. So you had better look out, and be honest.

Carroll. Well, I'll tell the story just as it really was. I won't omit any thing at all. You see—(*He talks very slowly and earnestly*)—You see, Oscar wanted to go and fly my kite—no, we both wanted to go, and—so—and so—I lent Oscar the kite and we went. Well, we went up on the hill, and Oscar took the string to run with the kite and—and—when he was running, the kite was going against the tree—and I told him to stop and he wouldn't, and so the kite got entangled, and now it's broken to pieces.

Oscar. And my twine is all tangled up.

Carroll. But your twine can be untangled again, but my kite is spoiled, and can never be made good again.

Scene IV.

Carroll is convicted of unfairness.

Timboo. Well, now Oscar, is that a full and fair statement of the case?

Oscar. No, I don't think it is.

Timboo. Very well. Tell me what he has omitted which would have been against himself and in your favor if he had told it—while I get my black elastic punisher ready.

(*Timboo takes out of his pocket a small piece of whalebone, about six inches long.*)

Carroll. What is that?

Timboo. This is what I am going to punish you with for your omissions.

Carroll. Oh, Timboo! How are you going to punish me with it?

Timboo. I'm going to snap you with it on the back of your head.

Carroll. Oh, Timboo, that will hurt!

Timboo. Of course it will. I mean it to hurt. What sort of a punishment would it be that would not hurt? Now let us hear, Oscar. What is it that he omitted?

Oscar. Why, he said that he lent me his kite; but I don't think that was exactly right. He agreed to put in the kite, and I was to put in the twine; and so we were going to fly the kite together.

Timboo. Was that so, Carroll?

Carroll. Yes—but that's the same thing.

Timboo. Not at all. You represented it as if you had simply lent him your kite, as a favor to him from you. You kept back the fact, that at the same time, he lent you his twine, which made it a

Scene IV.

He submits to his punishment.

Effects of it.

very different affair. So hold round your head. You must have three smart snaps for that.

Carroll. Why, where are you going to snap me?

Timboo. Right on the back of your head.

Carroll. Oh, Timboo! Well, don't snap hard.

(*Timboo snaps the back of Carroll's head with his snapper three times. Carroll starts and jumps at each snap, and finally goes capering about as if in pain. Oscar laughs heartily.*)

Carroll. (With his hand to the back of his head.) Oh, Timboo, that is too hard.

Timboo. Not a bit. It takes very hard snapping to get the spirit of unfairness out of a boy, in stating cases of dispute between himself and other boys. Now, Oscar, what else is there that he omitted?

Oscar. Why he did not say it was *his* plan to go up on the hill, where the trees were, when I wanted to stay in the field. I told him that the kite would get lodged in the trees.

Timboo. Was that so, Carroll?

Carroll. Why—yes.

Timboo. Then hold round your head again.

Carroll. No.

Timboo. Yes.

Carroll. No; you've snapped me enough.

Timboo. Then you break your word. You made an agreement, and now you break it, just for fear of a little smart. (*Timboo snaps his knee with his whalebone.*) See! said he. That's the value that Carroll sets upon his word.

Scene IV.

Carroll is convicted again.

He is finally pardoned.

Carroll. Well, snap away ; I'll hold my head.

(Carroll turns, and Timboo snaps him again. Carroll jumps and cuts a caper, and pretends to be in great agony. Oscar laughs aloud.)

Timboo. Now, Oscar, go on. What else did he omit ?

Oscar. Why, when the kite began to go against the trees, he called out to me first, to run as hard as I could ; but when he found that the kite would not go clear, then he told me to stop ; and I did stop as soon as I could.

Timboo. Oh, Carroll, that is the worst omission of all. I wish I had a bigger snapper.

Oscar. No, Timboo ; you need not snap him any more. I forgive him the rest. Though it is good fun to see him caper about.

Timboo. Well, if you forgive him, I must let him off, I suppose. But it is bad for him. It is very bad indeed for him. The truth is, that telling one-sided stories is such an inveterate vice in boys, that it takes a great deal of smart snapping to get it out of them. However, if you say you forgive him, that is the end of the matter ; and I may as well put my snapper away.

Oscar. And what are we to do with our kite and twine ?

Timboo. Oh, there is no trouble about that. Carry the kite just as it is, and lay it in my lodge ; and then this evening, I will take it in the kitchen ; and we will untangle the twine, and make a new kite ; and all will be well. Only I really don't think that Carroll has been punished half enough—and the next time you'll find him telling his stories all one-sided again, just as he has done now.

Scene I.

Picture of the boys in the boat.



DIALOGUE VIII.

THE TAMBOURINE.

PERSONS.

TEACHER,

FRANK, *a pupil*,JOEY, *another pupil*,SAM, *Joey's younger brother*,LUCINDA, *his sister*,MRS. THOMAS, *Frank's mother*,MRS. JAMES, *Joey's mother*,MRS. PANTIN, *keeper of a toy shop*.

SCENE I.

FRANK, JOEY, TEACHER.

A school-room. Scholars nearly all gone. Frank at his desk, ciphering. Joey sits near, playing with an old book.

Joey. Come Frank, have n't you got almost through ?

Scene I.

The teacher reproves Joey for abusing his books.

Frank. (Reading from his slate and then looking into his book.) Thirty-six acres and three rods. That's right. Yes, Joey, this sum comes right. I've only one more to do and then I'll go.

Joey. I am going to make a boat. (He tears out a leaf from near the beginning of his book.) I may as well tear out a leaf here as not. I have got by all this part and so I shall never need these leaves any more.

Teacher. (Coming to the boys' desk.) Well, boys, have you nearly got through your work?

Frank. Yes, sir, I have got through.

Teacher. You have been doing your sums, I see. And Joey what are you doing?

Joey. I am making a paper boat, sir. I'm going to give it to some of the little boys.

Teacher. That is kind—but how shockingly you use your book. You are making your boat out of a leaf that you have torn out of it, I see.

Joey. Yes, sir. You see I have got through all that part of the book, and so those leaves are no longer of any use.

Teacher. Oh, Joey, you do very wrong. It costs your father a great deal of money to buy school books for you and for your brothers and sisters, and you ought to take better care of them. Look at Frank's book, now.

Joey. Yes. It is almost as good as new. I don't know how he keeps his books so nice.

Teacher. You ought to take care of yours, and if you don't do it I shall have to adopt some punishment. I must make some rules

Scene II.

Joey's opinion of a cap for a foot-ball.

about the boys abusing their books in this way. (*Holding up the book.*) Look. It is really shameful. (*He goes away.*)

Joey. I don't see any use in being so careful of school books. What's an old school book good for after you have studied it through?

Frank. I get some good out of mine. But now wait a minute till I put my slate and book away, and then I'll go with you.

Joey. Yes, and we'll go home to dinner. And immediately after dinner I'll come to your house to play with you this afternoon.

Frank. That's right. I'll be out on the piazza.

Joey. Very well. I'll be there by two o'clock.

SCENE II.

JOEY, FRANK.

A piazza with a green before it. Joey is kicking his hat about the green, and up against the house, as if it were a foot-ball.

Joey. It is just about big enough for a foot-ball, but then it won't bound. It wants to be blown up. But how you are to go to work to blow up a cap into a round ball I don't know. (*He kicks the cap again and then goes and gets it and turns it over and over in his hands, examining it.*) It is time for me to have a new cap—and when I get this worn a little more mother will get me one. (*He gives it another kick.*)

Enter, FRANK, along the piazza.

Frank. Halloo, Joey!

Scene II.

Discussion about the foot-ball.

Learned words.

Joey. Ah, Frank, you've come! I've been waiting for you.

Frank. What are you doing?

Joey. I'm trying my cap for a foot-ball, but it won't bound.

Frank. Why, Joey, that's not the proper way to treat a cap.
(*He takes up the cap, brushes it with his hand, and smoothes it into shape.*)

Joey. Oh, it's only an old cap.

Frank. Why, you make it old, prematurely, by abusing it.

Joey. Prematurely! Oh! Grand! (*He struts about in a very dignified manner.*) Prematurely! What a learned man I am!

Frank. Yes, prematurely. That means before its time. You have not had that cap three months.

Joey. Well, what is three months for a cap? Besides, I want a new one. I want one of the new kind, like Josy Harvey's.

Frank. I think, at all events, that a cap is not a fit thing for a foot-ball.

Joey. Nor I either, for it won't bound. It has no spunk or spirit. It flats right up when you kick it.

Frank. Yes, it collapses.

Joey. (*Laughing boisterously.*) Collapses! Oh, Frank, what a learned man! Collapses! Prematurely! Oh the dictionary! Collapses!

Frank. Yes, it collapses. It is not a fit thing to be kicked.

Joey. I know that it is not good for a foot-ball. But I'll tell you what it is good for.

Frank. What?

Scene II.

Talk about words.

A bet offered.

Joey. For a mark to throw stones at. Throw it up in a tree, and make believe that it is a crow. Let's do it now? Will you do it? I stump you to throw at it with me; ten stones apiece, and see who 'll bring it down.

Frank. No. Besides, you should not say *stump*; you should say challenge. There 's no such word as *stump*.

Joey. No such word as *stump*?

Frank. No.

Joey. Then I should like to know what *stump* is, when I speak it, if it is not a word.

Frank. Ah, but I mean there 's no such proper word. There 's no such word in the dictionary. It is nothing but a boy 's word.

Joey. Well, that 's the right kind. I 'm a boy and you 're a boy, and when two boys are talking together, they ought to use boys 's words. Besides, what will you bet that it is not in the dictionary?

Frank. (Hesitating.) I don 't know.

Joey. (Holding out his cap.) I 'll bet you my cap.

Frank. (Looking contemptuously at his cap.) I don 't want your cap. I would not take it for a gift after you have been kicking it all about the yard.

Joey. (Smoothes out his cap, looks seriously at it, and puts it on his head. Then draws a long breath.) Well. I shall have another pretty soon. But now about going a fishing.

Frank. I 'll go a fishing with you if you want to. But, first, I must go and change my clothes.

Scene II.

Joey and Frank talks about the way of wearing clothes.

Joey. Your clothes ! Why, your clothes are good enough—plenty.

Frank. Yes, of course they are. That 's the difficulty. They are too good. I always put on an old pair when I go out in a boat. I have them all ready, hanging up in the little garret over the back shed.

Joey. Oh, nonsense, Frank ! Go just as you are. It won 't hurt your clothes to go a fishing.

Frank. Yes, I always get my clothes more or less soiled when I go out in a boat ; or else I have to take so much pains all the time to keep from doing it, that it spoils the pleasure. I 'd rather have old clothes on, and old shoes and no stockings, and then I can—

Joey. Then you can put right in.

Frank. Yes.

Joey. But that is not my way. I go on and wear out the clothes I have, and then get more. Now suppose you wear these clothes in a boat ; well, by-and-by they get worn out, and then you can have some new ones. You 'll get the new ones all the quicker.

Frank. Ah, but that is the very thing that I don 't want to have to do. I want to put off getting new ones just as long as I can.

Joey. Oh, Frank !

Frank. So as to get my chest of tools.

Joey. What has that got to do with any chest of tools ?

Frank. I 'll tell you by-and-by. But now I must go and change my clothes.

Joey. And I 'll go and get my fishing things and the bait. I 'll meet you down by the little gate in ten minutes, and then we will go along together.

Scene III.

Joey is extremely careful of his fishing-pole.

SCENE III.

JOEY, FRANK, SAM.

The shore of a pond. An apple-tree stands near. The boys are preparing to get into a boat. Sam is holding a fishing-pole, while Frank and Joey are getting the boat ready.

Joey. Hold it carefully, Sammy.

Sam. Yes, I will.

Joey. And keep the cork with the hook in it in your hand, just as I gave it to you.

Sam. Yes, I will.

Joey. That is a first-rate cork I got, and I 'm very careful of it. It is hard to get a good cork.

Frank. Yes, it is very hard. The only good way is to take a cent and go to an apothecary's and buy one.

Joey. That does not help any ; for it is harder to get the cent to buy the corks with, than it is to get a cork without one. (Sam begins to reach up into the apple-tree with the end of the fishing-pole.) Sam, what are you doing ?

Sam. I'm only just going to knock off this apple.

Joey. No, Sam ! Sam ! No. Not with my pole. You'll split the end of it.

Sam. Oh, no ; I won't. I'm not going to strike it hard.

Joey. No, Sam ; you must not do any such thing ! You'll scratch the pole at any rate against the branches of the tree, if you don't split it. I would not have that pole hurt for any thing.

Scene IV.

Mrs. James and Mrs. Thomas in the garden.

Frank. You seem to be very careful of your pole.

Joey. Yes. Indeed I am. I had to save money a long time to buy it; and if I get it broken, it will be very hard for me to get another.

Frank. It is a good plan to be careful of it. I like to have my fishing things always in good order.

Sam. (*In a complaining tone.*) But then how can I get the apple?

Frank. I'll get it for you, Sammy, in a few minutes. As soon as we get the boat ready, I'll climb up into the tree, and shake it down.

SCENE IV.

MRS. THOMAS, MRS. JAMES, LUCINDA.

A garden with a bower. Mrs. Thomas and Mrs. James are sitting in the bower. Mrs. Thomas is knitting. Mrs. James has a book in her hand, in which she has been reading. Lucinda is playing with a little rake and a watering-pot, on the walk before the bower.

Mrs. James. And that is the end of that chapter.

Mrs. Thomas. I think it is quite an interesting book.

Mrs. James. So do I. Lucinda, my child, where are you?

Lucinda. -Here I am, mother. I've been watering my flowers; and now I'm going to take a walk.

Mrs. James. But you must not go far.

Lucinda. No, mother; I won't go far. (*She goes away, and disappears among the shrubbery of the garden.*)

Scene IV.

Conversation between the two mothers about their boys.

Mrs. James. I have to watch her all the time, or she gets into some difficulty or other, and spoils her clothes.

Lucinda. (Calling.) Mother!

Mrs. James. What, Lucinda?

Lucinda. Here's a little bird.

Mrs. James. Is it a pretty bird?

Lucinda. Yes, it is a very pretty little bird. He is hopping along the walk.

Mrs. James. Very well; let him hop.

Lucinda. May I try to catch him, mother?

Mrs. James. Yes, you may catch him if you can.

Mrs. Thomas. (To Mrs. James.) Shall we have another chapter in our book?

Mrs. James. Yes, if you please. Or wait; let me see what time it is. I don't know but that I ought to go home. *(Calling.)* Lucinda.

Lucinda. What, mother?

Mrs. James. Where are the boys?

Lucinda. They have gone a fishing.

Mrs. James. (To Mrs. Thomas.) Dear me! I'm very sorry; Joey always comes back in a dreadful plight when he goes a fishing.

Mrs. Thomas. Frank always puts on an old pair of clothes when he goes a fishing.

Mrs. James. I wish that I could get Joey to do so. But I don't know where his old clothes are. He wears them all out. Besides if he had any, I don't believe that I could get him to put them on.

Scene IV.

Lucinda makes a discovery.

Lucinda. (Calling from behind the shrubbery.) Mother!

Mrs. James. What, Lucinda?

Lucinda. Here is something under a bush.

Mrs. James. Very well.

Lucinda. May I pull it out?

Mrs. James. What is it?

Lucinda. I don't know, mother; it looks like a cloth.

Mrs. James. Well, let it be. You must not touch it.

Lucinda. But, mother, it is something very particular. I believe it is somebody's clothes.

Mrs. James. (To *Mrs. Thomas.*) I wonder if it is not possible that it is Joey's jacket. He lost his jacket the other day. (To *Lucinda.*) Bring it here, Lucinda. (*Lucinda comes in, bringing an old jacket.*)

Mrs. James. Yes, it is his jacket. We looked for it everywhere. Joey is so careless about his clothes that I don't know what to do. I wish I could find out how you manage to make Frank so careful of his. He always looks nice and clean; and his school-books look as good as new.

Mrs. Thomas. I can tell you how I manage very easily. I give him an interest in it.

Mrs. James. An interest in it. How do you mean?

Mrs. Thomas. Why, I arrange it so that if he is careful of his clothes, he gets some of the benefit of it himself. And so with his books. It is very hard for a boy to be careful of his books and clothes all the time, simply from a sense of duty. It is too much to expect of him. I don't think I could depend even upon myself to

Scene IV.

A discussion between the two mothers.

be prudent and economical all the time, if somebody else received all the benefit of it, and I had nothing to keep me to it except a mere sense of duty.

Mrs. James. No, nor I. But then, boys ought to be willing to take care of their clothes for the sake of their mothers. They make us *so much* trouble by their carelessness.

Mrs. Thomas. Yes, they *ought* to be willing, no doubt. It is their duty, but it helps them very much in doing their duty if we give them an interest in it.

Mrs. James. But how do you manage to give them an interest in it?

Mrs. Thomas. This is the way. I made an estimate of about how much it would cost to keep Frank clothed a year, supposing that he takes as much care of his clothes as boys ordinarily do. Then I told him that I would give him two pages in my account book; that I would put down on one side, every month, the proper proportion of that sum for the month—and that whenever I bought any clothes for him, or spent any money on his account for such purposes, I would put it down on the other side. Then at the end of the summer I would add both sides up, and if it should appear that he had taken so good care of his clothes as to have a surplus of money, the surplus should be his—to spend in any way that he might choose.

Mrs. James. That's an excellent plan. I never thought of that way.

Mrs. Thomas. At the end of the summer he spends the money that he has saved, or he leaves it on interest, and it goes into the

Scene IV.

Mrs. Thomas explains her system of management.

winter account. This makes the surplus at the end of the winter so much more.

Mrs. James. And how does he get along? Does he have a surplus?

Mrs. Thomas. Yes, he always comes out with a surplus.

Mrs. James. And what does he do with it? Does he spend it all?

Mrs. Thomas. No, he spends some of it, and lets the rest stand over. He is getting quite a sum accumulated. It is as much as fifteen dollars. The first summer the surplus was three dollars. The next winter it was one. The next summer five, and so on. I increase his allowance every year, and the more he saves, the greater I make his allowance.

Mrs. James. I should not do so. If I found that his allowance was more than he needed I should make it less.

Mrs. Thomas. No; that would be a very bad way to encourage him. The effect of that plan would be to destroy all his interest in being careful and economical. I do just the contrary of that. I tell him that if he finds that he can not keep within his allowance, I shall make it smaller. But that if he finds he can lay up something from it, then I will make it a little larger. This encourages him.

Mrs. James. And how about his books?

Mrs. Thomas. In regard to his books I have a different plan. I agree with him that when he has got through a book at school, so as to be done with it, he may sell it at a second hand bookstore, or to any body that he can find who wants to buy it, and then he may have half what he gets for it, to add to his fund, and he gives me the other half.

Scene V.

Sam comes in.

Mystery about a shoe.

Mrs. James. (Sighing.) Well! I don't know but that is a good plan. At any rate I wish that I could contrive some way or other to make my boys take better care of their clothes and books.

SCENE V.

MRS. JAMES, SAM, JOEY.

A sitting-room. Mrs. James sitting by a window mending stockings. Enter Sam.

Sam. (Aside.) He has sent me in to tell mother about the shoe because he does not dare to come himself.

Mrs. James. Sam, where is Joey?

Sam. He is out in the yard. Or else he's gone out into the back shed. He is going to see if he can't find a shoe.

Mrs. James. What does he want of a shoe?

Sam. Why, to wear, mother.

Mrs. James. But he has got some shoes. What does he want to find any more for?

Sam. Why, you see mother, he wants two, and he has not got but one.

Mrs. James. Tell me plainly, Sam, what is the matter; has he lost one of his shoes?

Sam. No, mother, he has not lost it exactly, but he can't get it very well.

Mrs. James. Why, where is it? What has become of it? Tell me at once.

Scene V.

Joey attempts to explain how he lost his shoe.

Sam. Why, mother, it is in the pond. It has gone down to the bottom.

Mrs. James. Go out and find Joey and tell him to come in to me directly.

Sam. But, mother, he says he can find another that will do just as well.

Mrs. James. Go out and tell him to come to me. (*Sam goes out.*)

Mrs. James. How vexatious it is! A pair of shoes almost new. They were bought not a month ago. And now one of them in the bottom of the pond. I don't know what I shall do with the boy!

Enter JOEY and SAM.

Mrs. James. Now Joey, what have you been doing? Sam tells me that you have lost one of your shoes.

Joey. (Eagerly.) Well, mother, I'll tell you all about it. It was not my fault at all. You see, we were going out in the boat a fishing. Well, there was some water in the bottom of the boat, and so my shoes got muddy. Well, we sailed along, and along; and we went to the island, and coming home we stopped at a place where the water was pretty deep.

Mrs. James. Stop, Joey. I don't want to hear a long story about your fishing. Come to the point at once, and tell me about the shoe. Where is it?

Joey. Well, mother, I'm coming to the point. Indeed we were coming to the point in the boat, when I lost my shoe. We were sailing right toward it. We were going to land there.

Scene V.

Joey gives a different account of the matter.

Mrs. James. Joey, tell me instantly how you lost your shoe. That is all that I want to know.

Joey. Well, mother, I will. We were sailing along, and I saw that my shoes were muddy, and I thought I would wash them. I thought you would like to have them look clean when I came home. I was doing it to please you, mother. I was indeed.

Mrs. James. But tell me how you lost it.

Joey. Well, mother, I will. I thought I would wash my shoes, and so while the boat was still I put them over in the water, and all at once they began to sink. I tried to catch them, but I could only catch one of them. The other sank to the bottom. I had no idea that they would sink. I thought they would swim.

Mrs. James. Ah me! how sorry I am! Is the water too deep there to get it up?

Joey. Yes, mother; it is deeper than the whole length of my pole.

Mrs. James. Then it is gone forever. And I don't know what you will do, for I can't possibly get you another pair at present.

Joey. But, mother, I'm sure I can find another shoe out in the shed.

Mrs. James. Well, go and see. (*Joey goes out.*)

Sam. May I go too, mother?

Mrs. James. No. You must stay here. I want you to tell me if that is the real way that Joey lost his shoe.

Sam. It is pretty much the real way, but not exactly.

Mrs. James. How was it then exactly?

Sam. Why, I don't think that he was washing his shoe much. He was sailing it about for a boat.

Mrs. James. Oh dear me! What a boy!

Scene VI.

Conversation in the toy shop, about purchases.

SCENE VI.

MRS. THOMAS, FRANK, MRS. PANTIN.

A toy-shop. Mrs. Thomas and Frank enter at the door, talking together. Mrs. Pantin sits behind the counter sewing.

Mrs. Thomas. Good-morning, Mrs. Pantin. We have come to look at your toys.

Mrs. Pantin. I am very happy to see you. Look around among them as much as you please; and if you wish for any thing that you don't see, if you will ask me, I may have it up stairs.

Frank. And now, mother, what may I buy?

Mrs. Thomas. You may buy any thing you please.

Frank. What, really? May I buy really any thing I please?

Mrs. Thomas. Yes, you may buy any thing you please, provided it is not any thing that would be injurious either to you or to other people. I can not let you buy any thing that would be dangerous for you, nor any thing that would be injurious to other people. But you may buy any thing else you choose.

Frank. But how do you mean, mother, about being dangerous or injurious?

Mrs. Thomas. Why, if you should wish to buy a pistol and some gunpowder, I should not be willing; for that would be dangerous. So I should object to your buying a bow with sharp, iron-pointed arrows, for you might put some boy's eyes out with them; or a drum, for that would make a great noise, and so disturb all the neighbors.

Scene VI.

Frank is left almost entirely at liberty.

Frank. But suppose I wish to buy something that it would be foolish to buy?

Mrs. Thomas. That you can do. You can spend your money as foolishly as you please, provided you do not buy any thing dangerous or injurious.

Frank. Oh, mother! I should not think that you would be willing that I should lay out my money foolishly.

Mrs. Thomas. I am not really *willing*. On the other hand, I most sincerely hope that you will spend it wisely. But I shall not *compel* you to do so. I will give you my advice if you ask me; but after all I shall leave you to decide. It is your money, not mine. I promised it to you, if you would be careful and economical, and save it, and now I will keep my promise, and give you full power in the spending of it, only that you must not do it in a way to injure yourself or others.

Frank. Well, mother, I won't ask for a drum or a pistol. But should you be willing that I should have a tambourine?

Mrs. Thomas. Yes. I don't think that a tambourine is too noisy.

Frank. Because, if I can have a tambourine, I can play on it and Joey can sing. He can sing a great many funny songs.

Mrs. Thomas. But I thought that you were going to buy a tool-chest. That would be more useful.

Frank. Yes, mother, but then I've got more than money enough for both. (*He suddenly sees a jumping Jack among the toys.*) Oh, mother! see what a funny jumping Jack. (*He takes the jumping Jack and pulls the cord, and seems very much amused with*

Scene VI.

The philosophy of the jumping Jack.

its leaps and contortions.) I should like this jumping Jack, I think, mother.

Mrs. Thomas. Very well, you can have it if you choose.

Frank. And do you think that it would be a good plan?

Mrs. Thomas. I don't think that it would be a wise purchase. But you can have it if you please. It can not harm any body, and so you are at liberty to buy it.

Frank. But why would it not be a good plan to buy it, mother?

Mrs. Thomas. Because the pleasure that such a thing gives is so soon over. (*Frank puts the jumping Jack down.*) You see even now you are tired of it. It looks very funny at first, but the funniness is soon exhausted and you lay it aside.

Frank. But, mother, if it was mine I should take it again other days, and it would amuse me a good many times.

Mrs. Thomas. Yes, but it would amuse you less and less every time, and very soon all the amusement in it would be exhausted. So I don't think it is a wise purchase. Still, I am perfectly willing that you should buy it.

Frank. But, mother, I should not suppose that you would be willing to have me buy it if you think it would be foolish.

Mrs. Thomas. Why, you see you would learn a useful lesson by it. That is one reason why I give you so much liberty in making your purchases, for if they don't do you good in any other way, you will learn wisdom by them. I'd rather you would learn wisdom now while you are a boy, in spending small sums of money foolishly, than to have you wait and learn it when you are a man, for then the money wasted would be a great deal more, and the consequences would be more serious.

Scene VI.

The purchase of the tambourine and of the chest of tools.

Frank. Well, mother, I believe I won't buy a jumping Jack. But do you think it would be a good plan to buy a tambourine?

Mrs. Thomas. Yes, if you fancy having one. That is a thing that you can *use*, and so the good that you can get out of it will be more permanent. But it depends upon the price a little. *Mrs. Pantin*, have you got any tambourines?

Mrs. Pantin. Yes. I have got some very pretty ones for a dollar. Here is one of them. (*She gives Mrs. Thomas a tambourine.*)

Frank. Ah, that is just the thing. I should like to buy that, mother. (*He takes the tambourine and begins to play upon it, and sing.*)

Mrs. Thomas. Stop, stop. You must not sing here. Wait till you get it home. *Mrs. Pantin* will tie it up for you in a paper.

Frank. And now, mother, for my chest of tools.

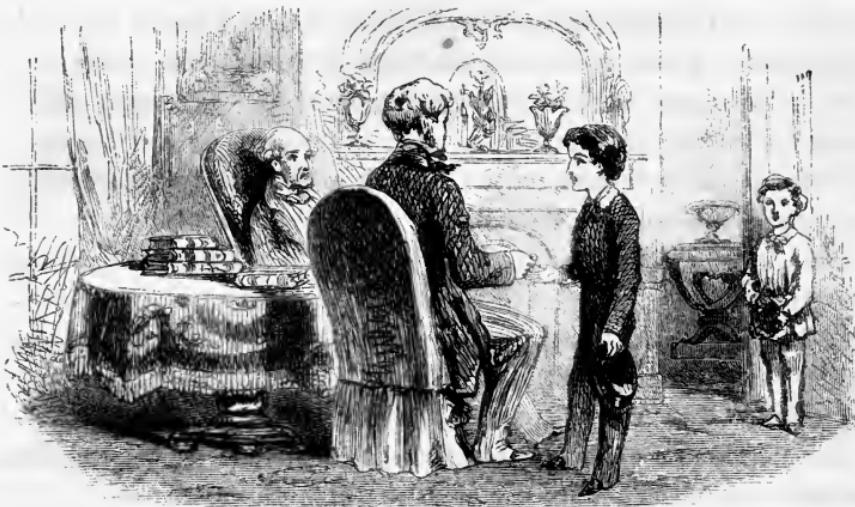
Mrs. Thomas. Ah, yes. But we must go to the hardware store for that.

Frank. Yes, we must go to a hardware store. I suppose I can get a good one for three dollars. That, with the tambourine, will make four dollars. I mean to be as careful as I can of my clothes and books the next quarter, and see if I can't make it all up again, and more too.

Mrs. Thomas. I hope you will. I like to have you learn to practice prudence and economy, and I like very much to have your disposition to practice them based on actual experience, now while you are young, of the beneficial results which always flow from them. In this way these qualities will become firmly established as permanent traits in your character.

Scene I.

Picture of Nathan and Ellie talking with their father.



DIALOGUE IX.

THE NEW KNIFE.

PERSONS.

GRANDFATHER,

ELLIE, *a younger brother,*

FATHER,

UNCLE JAMES,

NATHAN, *an older brother,*BRIDGET, *a domestic.*

SCENE I.

GRANDFATHER, FATHER, NATHAN, ELLIE.

A parlor. Nathan and Ellie's father and grandfather sitting by the fire, engaged in conversation on business. Enter Nathan and Ellie, who wait for an opportunity to speak to their father.

Father. I rather think he will be willing to do that.

Grandfather. Well, perhaps he will.

Scene I.

Their father's reasoning about the knife.

Ellie. (To Nathan aside.) Nathan, I wish I had a new knife.

Nathan. I wish you had too; and I wish father would tell us whether he is going to ride this evening or not. (*The boys go and stand near their father.*)

Father. If not, then we can make him the other proposition.

Grandfather. Yes, we will.

Father. (Turning to the boys.) Well, boys, what do you want to say to me?

Nathan. I want to ask, father, if you would not be kind enough to give Ellie money to buy him a knife?

Father. Yes. That I can do. How much will it cost?

Ellie. Half a dollar. And I've got a quarter of a dollar now; so I only want you to give me a quarter of a dollar more.

Father. But I'm afraid that that is too expensive a knife; is not it? You may lose it; and then you'll wish you had the money again.

Nathan. But, father, we can't get a good knife for less than half a dollar; and he'd rather have a good one than a bad one.

Father. Well, Ellie, here's the quarter of a dollar. You may go and see how good a knife you can get.

Ellie. Good! Come, Nathan.

SCENE II.

UNCLE JAMES, NATHAN, ELLIE.

Another parlor Uncle James sitting by the fire. Nathan leaning on a table, and looking over a book. Ellie sitting on a footstool, with a new pocket-knife in his hand.

Ellie. Uncle James, see!

Scene II.

How to break a knife.

How to make it dull.

Uncle James. What is it? A new knife. Bring it to me, and let me see it. Where did you get such an excellent new knife as this?

Ellie. Why, I bought it. I had a quarter of a dollar; and my father gave me enough to make up a half of a dollar. I spent two cents of it for candy. The price of the penknife was half a dollar; but Mr. Linscott said he did not care any thing about the two cents; and so he let me have it for forty-eight cents.

Uncle James. It is a first-rate knife. And now I'll tell you what you had better do. You take this blade (*he opens the little blade*); and then you take a board and begin to bore a hole in it. You pry about a little, as you bore, to dig out the wood, and pretty soon snap goes your blade, about there. (*He shows the place on the blade.*) The blades of boys' knives are generally broken off about there.

Ellie. Oh, uncle!

Nathan. (*Taking out his own knife.*) See, uncle, my little blade is not broken off.

Uncle James. (*Takes the knife, looks at the little blade, and then opens the great blade, and finds the edge of it broken and jagged like the teeth of a saw.*) No—but then here's the other blade with the edge all broken up like a saw. I'll tell you how to do that, Ellie, with your knife. As it is now, the edge of your great blade is sharp and smooth; but you can easily make it like Nathan's. I'll tell you how. You pick up some stick or other about the yard, that has got a nail in it. You go to whittling the stick; and before long you come against the nail, and then away goes the edge. Thus in five minutes, and with very little trouble,

Scene II.

How to make the joint wear out soon.

you have your knife notched like a saw. And if you once get it notched, you can keep it so very easily, for it is very hard work to grind it sharp again.

Ellie. But I don't want it notched.

Uncle James. Yes—that is the fashion. Almost all boys have their knife-blades notched like a saw. And it is very easy to do. It is not necessary to take a great deal of pains to find a stick with a nail in it. All you have to do is, to go to cutting any stick you take up, without looking to see what there is in it; and sooner or later you'll come upon a nail.

Ellie. Ah, uncle! you're only in fun. I'm determined not to cut any sticks with nails in them at all.

Uncle James. And there is one other thing. Be careful not to let any little drop of oil get into the joint of your knife. If you do, it will make the joint go smooth and easy, and prevent its wearing away the square corners there which give sharpness to the spring. If you don't let any oil get in there, pretty soon the joint will make a grating noise every time you open and shut the blade; and the steel will wear away; so that before long the joint will become so loose, that you can *shake* your knife open whenever you want to use it—which will be very convenient.

Ellie. Oh, uncle! no such thing.

Uncle James. Some boys have a nice way of leaving their knife out on the step of the door, or some such place; and then the dew falls upon it, and rusts it at the joint so that you can't open it at all. There is a great advantage in this—for if you can't open your knife at all, there is no danger that you will cut your fingers with it.

Scene II.

Ellie concludes that he will not follow his uncle's advice.

Enter BRIDGET, a servant girl.

Bridget. Mr. James, there is a gentleman at the door, who wishes to see you a moment.

Uncle James. Tell him that I will come out. So here, Ellie, take your knife. (*He rises to go.*) Have you got a good hole in your pocket?

Ellie. No; my pockets are tight—both of them.

Uncle James. Then you'll have to contrive some other way to lose your knife. However, you can do it by leaving it about the house, anywhere, and then forgetting where. Though the best way is to lay it down in the grass when you are cutting with it in the field. Or, if you choose, you can go showing it about to all the boys; and then some of them will borrow it; and they will lose it for you, and so save you the trouble. (*Uncle James goes out.*)

Ellie. (*After a little pause.*) I am determined I won't do any of those things he has been telling me. I am positively determined. And I mean to go out now, and get Bridget to give me some oil; and I'll put a little drop of it into the joint.

Nathan. So I would. That's the very best thing you can do.

Ellie. And I am determined that I will not cut any sticks, unless I am first *sure* that there are no nails in them.

Nathan. That's right.

Ellie. Nor bore any holes with the point of the little blade.

Nathan. That's a good resolution too.

Ellie. Nor ever leave my knife out in the wet.

Nathan. That is right. If you keep all these resolutions, your knife will always be safe and in good order.

Scene I.

Picture of Julia fallen asleep at the fireside.



DIALOGUE X.

NO ENCOURAGEMENT.

PERSONS.

MR. ST. GEORGE,
 MRS. ST. GEORGE,
 JULIA, *their daughter*,

MRS. WARREN,
 ANNA, *her daughter*,
 SUSAN, *a domestic*.

SCENE I.

MRS. ST. GEORGE, JULIA. *Afterward* SUSAN.

A parlor in a handsome hotel at New York. Mrs. St. George arranging a small tea-table. Julia playing with blocks upon the floor.

Mrs. St. George. Come, Julia, put away your blocks. It is almost time for your father to come home, and he never likes to see a litter on the floor.

Scene I.

Mrs. St. George's way of encouraging Julia.

Julia. Well, mother; as soon as I have finished this tower.

Mrs. St. George. No, Julia, you must put them away now.
(*She goes to Julia, throws down her tower, and pushes the blocks into a heap.*) Put them into the basket, directly. (*Julia begins to put the blocks into the basket, sullenly.*)

Mrs. St. George. And now I'll ring for Susan. (*She rings a little bell.*)

Enter SUSAN.

Susan. Did you ring, Mrs. St. George?

Mrs. St. George. Yes, Susan. Is every thing ready for tea?

Susan. Yes, ma'am.

Mrs. St. George. Be sure to have every thing right; and let the tea be all ready to draw the moment Mr. St. George comes.

Susan. Very well, ma'am, I will.

Mrs. St. George. And, Susan, take Julia's basket of blocks and put them away; and Julia, you must bring your book and sit down here in your little chair and be still, and not interrupt your father while he is reading his paper.

Julia. But, mother, I have not got any book.

Mrs. St. George. Why, take your geography, or your grammar, or some of your school books. You ought to be more interested in your studies. It's nothing but story books or picture books that you care for. You are eight years old, and you are so backward in your studies that I am beginning to be quite ashamed of you. Almost all the girls of your age are further advanced than you.

Julia. Oh, dear me! (*She takes a book and sits down listlessly by the fire.*)

Scene I.

Mrs. St. George makes preparations for her husband.

Mrs. St. George. (To herself.) I'll get Edward's slippers and have them all ready for him, and the evening's paper too. (She holds the paper to the fire to air and dry it, then folds it up and lays it upon the tea-table.) And the room, too, I'll have in nice order. (She arranges the chairs, stirs the fire, brushes the hearth, and then looks round with an air of satisfaction.)

Julia. Mother, I think it would be a good plan to send out and get some wafer jumbles for father for his supper. He likes wafer jumbles for his supper, very much.

Mrs. St. George. That's an excellent idea. I will. (She rings the bell.)

Julia. (To herself.) Perhaps he'll give me one of them.

Enter SUSAN.

Mrs. St. George. Susan, here's a shilling. (She takes a shilling from her purse.) Go to the baker's round the corner and get a dozen wafer jumbles, and bring them up when you bring the tea. (Susan takes the money and goes out.)

SCENE II.

MR. ST. GEORGE, MRS. ST. GEORGE, JULIA.

The same. Mr. St. George, seated before the fire.

Mrs. St. George. Are you very tired to-night, Edward?

Mr. St. George. Yes, I'm very tired, and very warm. You've got too much fire. There's no need of so much fire such weather as this. Julia, my child, open the window a little way.

Scene II.

Mr. St. George's way of encouraging his wife.

Mrs. St. George. I will open it, Julia. (*She opens the window.* Mr. St. George *draws his chair up to the tea-table and pushes the slippers away with his foot.*) There, Julia, you may put these slippers in the closet. They are only in the way here.

Mrs. St. George. But, Edward, I thought that you would wish to put them on, and so I got them all ready for you.

Mr. St. George. No. I am going out again, after tea. Besides, I can always get them when I want them, out of the closet. Isn't tea nearly ready?

Mrs. St. George. Yes, Susan was only waiting for you to come in, to draw it. I rang for her when you came, and she will bring it up directly.

Mr. St. George. I hope she will, for it is tiresome waiting for it so long. (*He takes the paper from the table and throws it over upon the sofa.*)

Mrs. St. George. Why, Edward, that's the evening paper.

Mr. St. George. I know it is, but I don't want to see it. The papers are so dull now-a-days. (*Enter Susan with a waiter containing the tea, cakes, etc.*) Ah, here comes the tea at last.

Mrs. St. George. I am sorry it did not come so soon as you wished. (*She pours out the tea, and passes the cup to him. He tastes it, and seems dissatisfied.*) Is not it right?

Mr. St. George. It is very weak—very weak indeed. I like to have some taste to my tea. (*He tastes it again, and puts down the spoon.*)

Mrs. St. George. Then it is because it has not drawn long enough. I'll let it stand a moment, and then give you another

Scene II.

The tea.

The cakes.

The Colonel's wife.

cup. (*She pours out the tea from Mr. St. George's cup into a bowl.*)

Mr. St. George. What are those? Wafer jumbles?

Mrs. St. George. Yes. I thought perhaps you would like them.

Mr. St. George. No, not particularly. I wish you could teach Susan to make waffles. I took tea with the Colonel the other night, and his wife had some delicious waffles. Indeed the Colonel's wife is a model. She always has something nice and new upon the table. It is really a pleasure to be invited there to dinner or to tea. But I believe I can not wait any longer for my tea. (*He holds out his cup to have it filled again.* Mrs. St. George *fills it, and he tastes it. After sipping a little, he puts the cup down.*)

Mrs. St. George. Is n't it right now, Edward?

Mr. St. George. (*Pushing the cup away from him.*) No; but it is of no consequence.

Mrs. St. George. (*Looking concerned.*) What is the matter with it, husband?

Mr. St. George. It has got cold. And I think that, of the two, cold tea is more insipid than weak tea. But never mind; let Susan come and take the things away. I am going out this evening, and I can step in somewhere and get a cup of tea. (*Mrs. St. George rings the bell.* Susan enters.)

Mrs. St. George. (*In a trembling voice.*) Susan, you may take away the tea things.

SCENE III.

MRS. ST. GEORGE, JULIA. *Afterward* SUSAN.

The same apartment. Julia has a doll in her lap, which she is trotting upon her knee. A little cradle near. Mrs. St. George is sitting by the table near the fire, leaning her head upon her hand, in a disconsolate attitude.

Mrs. St. George. (To herself.) Oh dear me! I wish Edward—

Julia. (In a low tone to her doll.) Hush-sh-sh! Hush-sh-sh! *(She sings, keeping time with the trotting of her knee :)*

Upon my knee my baby lies,
Shut your eyes! shut your eyes!
You must not look to see me, but
Shut your eyes and keep them shut.

I can not trot the baby long,
Sing a song! sing a song!
You must not wink, and try to peep,
But shut your eyes and go to sleep.

Mrs. St. George. Come, Julia, it is time for you to learn your lesson. You must put your doll away this minute, and take your book.

Julia. (In a low and whispering voice.) In one minute, mother. Angelina is almost asleep. Hush-sh-sh! She'll be asleep in a few minutes, and then I'll come.

Mrs. St. George. No, Julia, you must come now. You take no pleasure in any thing but play. And you're getting so backward

Scene III.

Julia tries hard to write her exercise.

in your studies that I really am ashamed of you. All the girls of your age are more forward than you. (Mrs. St. George goes to Julia, takes the doll from her, and puts it in the cradle, and takes the cradle away.) There, you 've played with the doll long enough. Get your slate and your book, and take your seat and study your lessons.

(She gets a book and a slate, and sits down in a little chair by the fire. Mrs. St. George at the same time opens her work-table, and seats herself at her sewing.)

Julia. (To herself.) Now the first thing is to copy off ten long words on the slate. The teacher said we might get as long words as we pleased. I mean to write mine just as well as I can. (She looks into her book.) There 's a good long word—dif—dif—difference. I 'll write that. Two f's. I must not forget the two f's.

Mrs. St. George. Don 't keep talking so all the time. Can 't you study without talking? (Julia writes in silence.)

Julia. There! (She puts her fingers suddenly to her lips, as if to stop her talking, and then looks again in her book.)

Mrs. St. George. What are you doing, Julia? What is your lesson?

Julia. I am writing down words on the slate. I am going to write ten. I have written one, but the next one is Washington, and it begins with a W, and I don 't know exactly how to make a W. Could you spare the time, mother, to make one for me on the slate, to show me how?

Mrs. St. George. Come here and let me see your slate. What is that first word?

Scene III.

Her mother's mode of teaching her.

Julia. That is difference, mother.

Mrs. St. George. What shocking writing! nobody would ever know what word that was intended for. What are those two long scrawls for?

Julia. Why, mother, those are the f's. There must be two f's and so I made two. But if they are too long I will rub out part of them. (*She wets her finger to rub out part of the f's.*)

Mrs. St. George. Stop, stop, that will only make the matter worse. I should think you could write better than that.

Julia. Why, mother, it is only because I am just beginning to write.

Mrs. St. George. Such a large girl as you are!

Julia. (*Timidly.*) I'm only eight, mother.

Mrs. St. George. Then, besides, I don't see what good it does you to write a list of long unmeaning words.

Julia. Why, the teacher gave that to us, for a part of our lesson.

Mrs. St. George. The teacher ought to know better than to give you such a lesson.

Julia. (*After a pause and sighing.*) But, mother, it is the only teacher I have got—and I don't know what I can do.

Mrs. St. George. Well, go back to your place and finish the lesson, and you must find some other word to write. I can't leave my work now to show you how to make a W, and you must take care and learn immediately how to make all the letters for yourself.

Julia. (*Goes back to her seat, and continues her writing.*) If I could only find out *how* to make them!

Scene III.

Susan sent with an invitation to Mrs. Warner.

Mrs. St. George. And what is the next thing that you have got to do, after writing your ten words?

Julia. The next thing is to write a little sentence on the slate. We have got to make up the sentence. The teacher said we might tell in it what we saw, when we were coming home from school.

Mrs. St. George. Well, that's a more sensible thing. Let the rest of the words go, and begin your sentence now.

Julia. Well, mother, I will. (Mrs. St. George *rings the table bell.*)

Enter SUSAN.

Mrs. St. George. Susan, do you know whether Mrs. Warner is at home?

Susan. Yes, ma'am, I think she is.

Mrs. St. George. Go up to her room and present my compliments to her, and ask her if she can not come down and sit with me an hour this evening. Tell her that Mr. St. George has gone away and that I am all alone.

Susan. Yes, ma'am, I will. (*She goes out.*)

Julia. Mother, will you tell me, please, how to spell carriage?

Mrs. St. George. Why, what do you want to know that for?

Julia. Because I want to say in my sentence that I saw a carriage in the street, when I was coming home.

Mrs. St. George. And you don't know how to spell it. I should be ashamed if I were such a great girl as you and not know how to spell such a common word as carriage. It is c-a-r-r-i-a-g-e. But after this you must not interrupt me by asking so many questions. You are asking questions of me the whole time.

Scene III.

Poor Julia gets discouraged.

She falls asleep.

(Julia tries to write carriage, but she can not remember all the letters of the spelling of it, and looks discouraged. Presently she sighs and lays down her pencil.)

Enter SUSAN.

Susan. Mrs. Warner says that she is assisting Anna a little about her lessons, but that she will come down in half an hour.

Mrs. St. George. Very well.

(Julia sits with her slate and her book in her lap, looking listlessly into the fire, and presently begins to trot the slate, as she had done the doll, and to sing in a low undertone,

Upon my knee my baby lies,
Shut your eyes—shut your eyes.

You must not look to see me—But,
But—*(she nods, and presently falls asleep.)*

Mrs. St. George. *(After a pause.)* Julia!

Julia. *(Starting up.)* What, mother? I am not asleep. I'm not sleepy a bit.

Mrs. St. George. But it is time for you to go to bed. Besides, I expect company pretty soon, and so you must go to bed now. I don't suppose that you have done your lesson. You idle away so much time. *(She rings the bell.)* I'm afraid you never will learn any thing. *(Enter Susan.)* Susan, take Julia and put her to bed.

Susan. Yes, ma'am.

Scene IV.

Anna's readiness to begin her work.

SCENE IV.

MRS. WARNER, ANNA.

A small parlor in the same hotel. Mrs. Warner by the fire in a comfortable arm-chair, with a book in her hand. Bright lamp on the table. By the side of the table, in a small chair, sits Anna, with a slate in her hands. She is in such a position that the lamp can shine down upon her slate, as she works.

Mrs. Warner. It is not quite time for you to begin your lesson yet, Anna. You might play a little while longer.

Anna. Yes, mother. I know I might; but I thought I would begin writing the words. We are going to write some long words—any long words that we can find in a book. But I don't know how to make all the letters; and it will interrupt you if I ask you to show me, for you are going to read.

Mrs. Warner. No; it will not interrupt me much, if you manage right. When you want to speak to me, just stand up as usual, and I shall see you; and then when I get to the end of my sentence, I will speak to you. In that way, it will not interrupt me at all—at least, not so as to do any harm. Let me see your slate.

Anna. (*Giving her mother the slate.*) I have not written them very well.

Mrs. Warner. Why, you have written two of your words already!

Anna. Yes, mother; I wrote those when I first came home, just to see how I could do it.

Mrs. Warner. You have done it very well indeed.

Scene IV.

Anna comes very near making a good g.

Anna. I could not write them plain enough.

Mrs. Warner. Yes, you have written them very plain indeed, for a person just beginning to write. I know a good many of the letters. That is an i. I know it by the dot; and there 's another i, and there 's another. Some children, who are careless, forget the dot over some of their i's; but you have put it over all yours. Then, that last letter is a q.

Anna. No, mother; that is a g.

Mrs. Warner. Ah, then the tail of it is wrong. You ought to turn the tail the other way for a g. I ought not to say it is wrong, for it is really right as you have it; that is, it is right for a q, but not for a g. That is a very hard thing to remember—which way to turn the tails of some of the letters; but it will all come to you very soon, if you go on trying carefully, as you do now. That tall letter I suppose is an l, or else a b.

Anna. It is an l.

Mrs. Warner. You see it must be made pretty well, for me to know without being told, within one of what it was. And what is the whole word?

Anna. Whirligig. I meant it for whirligig.

Mrs. Warner. Ah, that's a very hard word to write. I should not have thought you could have written such a hard word so well. I could almost read it myself, without your telling me what it was.

Anna. I mean to try the next word, and see if I can not write so that you can read it entirely.

(Anna sits down, and resumes her work. Mrs. Warner begins to read. In a minute or two Anna stands up. Mrs. Warner goes

Scene IV.

Mrs. Warner's minute instructions.

on reading for a few minutes without appearing to notice her, and then raises her eyes from her book.)

Mrs. Warner. Well, Anna!

Anna. Could you show me, mother, how to make a v—a large V?

Mrs. Warner. Yes; bring me your slate. (*She takes the pencil and writes, Anna looking over.*) First we make a little sort of a *crinkle* like that; and then we go up to a point, so, and then come down by a straight mark—down to the line—so. Now take the pencil, and see if you can do that. (*Anna takes the pencil and writes.*)

Anna. There.

Mrs. Warner. Yes, that's very well. That is the first half of the v. Now comes the last half. You begin at the bottom, and go up again a little way off from the first line, and end in a sort of curl—so.

Anna. Yes, mother, now I see. Let me finish mine. (*She takes the pencil, and finishes her own V.*)

Mrs. Warner. Yes, that is very good. Now sit down and make ten V's, carefully, comparing each one with mine as you make it. By that time you will learn to make them very plain. After you have made ten, look them over, and choose out the best one—the one that you think looks the most like mine, and save that for me to see by-and-by, when you have done your lesson. The rest you can rub out.

Anna. Yes, mother, that I'll do.

Mrs. Warner. Is there any other question you think of now, that you wish to ask me before I begin reading again?

Scene IV.

Mrs. Warner's mode of teaching Anna to spell her words.

Anna. Only if you would tell me how to spell *locomotive*. We have got to write what we saw coming home from school; and I am going to write that I saw a locomotive, only I don't know how to spell locomotive. If you'll tell me now, I'll write it on the side of my slate; and then I can copy it into my sentence, by-and-by.

Mrs. Warner. Very well; get ready.

Anna. (Getting ready to write.) Now.

Mrs. Warner. L-o. (Anna begins to write the first syllable, and while she is writing it, Mrs. Warner goes on with her reading. She writes slowly and carefully, and when she has finished, she speaks the last letter, to let her mother know that she is ready for the next.)

Anna. O.

Mrs. Warner. C-o.

Anna. (After a pause, during which Mrs. Warner continues her reading.) O.

Mrs. Warner. M-o.

Anna. (As before.) O.

Mrs. Warner. T-i-v-e.

Anna. (As before.) E.

Mrs. Warner. That is all. I can tell you how to spell any word in that way, without any trouble. Indeed, when I see you trying so patiently and succeeding so well, in learning to write, it is a pleasure to me to help you. I think what a good time I shall have by-and-by in reading the pretty little notes and letters that you will write me. (She kisses her. Anna looks very much pleased, and resumes her work.)

Scene IV.

The visit.

Mrs. St. George's complaints.

SCENE V.

MRS. ST. GEORGE, MRS. WARNER. *Afterward* SUSAN.

The same apartment as in Scene I. Mrs. St. George and Mrs. Warner by the fireside at work.

Mrs. St. George. You see I get so discouraged. I don't know what is the matter with Edward. I do all I can, but nothing seems really to please him.

Mrs. Warner. That is discouraging.

Mrs. St. George. When any thing goes in the least wrong, then he finds fault; but when every thing is all right, and I have taken the greatest pains to make it so, then he does not say any thing at all.

Mrs. Warner. Perhaps he is thinking of his business or something.

Mrs. St. George. If he would only just show that he was pleased with me sometimes, it would do me so much good.

Mrs. Warner. Yes, I know.

Mrs. St. George. But it is so hard to go on trying and trying, and never to get the least encouragement or sympathy. (*Enter Susan with a candle. She places the candle on the table, and puts it out with an extinguisher.*) Have you put Julia to bed, Susan?

Susan. Yes, ma'am, and she has gone to sleep. (*Susan goes out.*)

Mrs. St. George. I thought I would send Julia to bed, so that we could talk together in peace.

Scene V.

Children need kind and encouraging treatment as well as wives.

Mrs. Warner. Well, now, I had an idea of bringing Anna in with me, and letting her read here while we talk. I thought she would not prevent our talking in peace.

Mrs. St. George. Oh no, *Anna* would not. She would sit still and read quietly all the time. But my *Julia* does not like to read or to study, or to sew, or to do any thing else that is useful, although I tell her continually that she does all those things so badly that I'm quite ashamed of her, and that she ought to take an interest in learning to do them better.

Mrs. Warner. Perhaps that is the very reason why she does not like to do them.

Mrs. St. George. That? What? What do you mean is the reason?

Mrs. Warner. Why, your telling her continually that she does not do them well. Perhaps you discourage and dishearten her.

Mrs. St. George. No, I don't do it to discourage her. I do it to try to urge her to study more, and learn to do better.

Mrs. Warner. But she needs to be encouraged. Children need sympathy and encouragement in their efforts, as well as wives.

Mrs. St. George. But how can I encourage her? If the writing which a child does is not good, we can't honestly say it is.

Mrs. Warner. No, but we can always find something good in it. Besides, if a child does her best, we ought to consider her work good. It is good for such a child. It is good for a beginner. If she is on the right way toward improvement and is advancing in it, we ought to be satisfied. We ought not to complain because she is not already at the end.

Scene V.

Mrs. St. George and Mrs. Warner discuss the question.

Mrs. St. George. That is very true ; but—(*She hesitates.*)

Mrs. Warner. And besides, we all need some sympathy and encouragement in our efforts. If we suppose that we are doing well, we are stimulated to go on and do better. But if we suppose that others think we are not doing well, then we are disheartened, and we are disposed to give up in despair.

Mrs. St. George. Now it seems to me that if you want a person to improve in any thing, the proper way is to let them see how backward they are in it, and so urge them to make efforts to advance.

Mrs. Warner. Ah! do you think so ? I have always thought exactly the reverse ; and that if we wish to induce a child, and especially a girl, to try to make special effort to improve in any thing, we must conceal it from her as much as possible that she is particularly backward in it. The truth is, there is no satisfaction for any body in doing what they know that all those around them think they do not do well. But, on the other hand, if there is any thing that we suppose other people think that we do well, *that* we love to do, and we try still more to improve in it.

Mrs. St. George. There is some truth in that, I know. One time, Edward told me that some toast I made for him was the best that he ever ate, and you don't know how much pains I took with the toast for a week after that.

Mrs. Warner. Yes, that is it exactly ; and we ought to treat our children just as we wish our husbands to treat us.

Mrs. St. George. You are right. I'm convinced you are right. I don't wonder that poor Julia gets discouraged, for I'm finding fault with her the whole time. I'll try the other plan.

Scene V.

Mrs. St. George resolves to try the experiment.

Mrs. Warner. Only you must be discriminating and just in your encouragement of her effort. That is very important. Nothing is worse than indiscriminating and lavish praise, for a child. It only makes her careless and vain. We must never pretend to be satisfied unless the child has really tried to do as well as she can—and never praise any thing that does not really deserve praise. The art consists in finding out what really does deserve praise in the efforts of beginners.

Mrs. St. George. And how can I do that? I am afraid that it requires more knowledge than I have got.

Mrs. Warner. No. It is not knowledge that it requires, nor even skill exactly. It is only that we should, in imagination, make ourselves the children, and consider what mode of treatment would stimulate and encourage us, and what would dishearten and depress us, if we were in their places.

Mrs. St. George. Yes, I see. I will try to practice on your plan.

Mrs. Warner. If you do, I think you will soon find that Julia will begin to show more interest in her studies.

Mrs. St. George. Yes, I think she will. And—I wish—Mary—that your husband would have a little talk with Edward, and put it into his head to try the same plan on me.

Scene I.

Picture of the ride in the barouche.



DIALOGUE XI.

AUNT MARIA AND HER BAROUCHE.

PERSONS.

MRS. JONES,
 ANNE,
 LUCY,
 JANE, } *her daughters.*

MRS. MARIA JONES,
 RICHARD, *her son,*
 BELINDA, *a domestic.*
 GEORGE, *a cousin.*

SCENE I.

MRS. JONES, MRS. MARIA JONES, ANNE, RICHARD.

A parlor. The two ladies, seated upon a sofa. Anne at a table near, laying out some sewing. Papers on the table. Richard is seated upon the floor, mending the snapper of a whip.

Mrs. Jones. I am so happy, sister Maria, that you have come to make us a little visit.

Scene I.

Richard's disobedience.

His rude behavior.

Mrs. Maria. I am very happy to come. And one thing, I am especially depending upon, sister, and that is to give the children some good rides in the barouche.

Anne. (*Clapping her hands.*) Oh, we shall like that, aunt, very much indeed. We like riding in your barouche better than in any other kind of carriage. The top is all open, and we can see so well all around us.

Richard. (*Rising from the floor and snapping his whip.*) There!

Mrs. Maria. Richard, my son, don't snap your whip in the parlor.

Richard. (*Snapping it more.*) Why, mother, I want to try the snapper and see if it will do.

Mrs. Maria. But, Richard, you'll whip the papers off the table.

(Richard *snaps his whip so as to make the papers fly off the table. He leaves them on the floor and proceeds to snap his whip near Anne, so as to make her afraid.*)

Richard. That's what I call a good snapper. Now I'm going.

Mrs. Maria. No, Richard, you must not go out yet. I've got a plan for you.

Richard. Oh, yes, mother. I am going out to the stable. (*He puts on his cap and goes toward the door.*)

Mrs. Maria. No, Richard, you must not go. Richard! Come back!

Richard. I'll come back pretty soon, mother. (*He goes out.*)

Mrs. Maria. That boy is the plague of my life. I can't live with him, and I can't live *without* him. I'd give all the world if I could only teach him to obey me.

Scene II.

Mrs. Maria proposes to try an experiment.

Mrs. Jones. Did you ever try to *teach* him to obey you?

Mrs. Maria. No, I don't know that I ever tried to teach him, particularly. It seems to me that obeying their mother is a duty which children ought to perform of their own accord, without being taught.

Mrs. Jones. I admit that they ought to do it, but they very seldom do. Children must be taught the habit of obedience just as they must be taught any thing else.

Mrs. Maria. And have you taught your children to obey?

Mrs. Jones. I have tried to do it. Anne, are you getting the sewing ready for the children?

Anne. Yes, mother. They are coming in pretty soon. They will be all ready to begin when the clock strikes two. It wants twenty minutes to two now, and I am going out to find them. They are waiting for me to come and tell them what o'clock it is. They are all in the garden.

Mrs. Jones. Very well; you may go. (*Anne goes out.*)

SCENE II.

MRS. JONES, MRS. MARIA JONES. *Afterward BELINDA.*

An entry. A table with a bell upon it. Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Maria in riding-dress, ready to go out.

Mrs. Maria. Sister Jane, I have an idea of trying an experiment on your children, to see if they will obey as well as you pretend.

Scene II.

Her proposal.

The measure adopted.

Mrs. Jones. Oh, sister Maria, I don't pretend that they are particularly obedient. I make no pretensions at all on the subject.

Mrs. Maria. But you think they are, I know, and I have an idea of testing it. You say that the rule is, that they sew every afternoon from two to three?

Mrs. Jones. Yes, that is the rule.

Mrs. Maria. And they keep to their work whether you are in the room to overlook them or not?

Mrs. Jones. Yes, I believe they do.

Mrs. Maria. Well now, suppose that you were to leave word for them to remain at their work to-day till *four* o'clock, that is, an hour later than the usual time of closing their work, do you think that they would obey you?

Mrs. Jones. Yes, I think they would.

Mrs. Maria. Without your giving them any reason for it?

Mrs. Jones. Yes, I think they would. I have not taught my children to rest their obedience to me on the reasons I give them.

Mrs. Maria. Do you never give them any reasons?

Mrs. Jones. Oh yes, very often; but never to induce them to obey me.

Mrs. Maria. Well, I should like very much to try an experiment upon them. You just leave word for them to sew till four o'clock. I have a plan for seeing how they will obey. (Mrs. Jones *rings a bell.*)

Enter BELINDA.

Mrs. Jones. Belinda, we are going out. A little after two, when the children are at their sewing, I wish you to come into the

Scene III.

The children at their sewing.

The blue-bells.

room and tell them that I desire them to continue at their work till *four* o'clock to-day, instead of going out at three.

Belinda. Yes, ma'am, I will.

Mrs. Jones. And now, sister, we will go. The carriage is at the door.

Mrs. Maria. Very well. I'm all ready. (*They all go out.*)

SCENE III.

ANNE, LUCY, JANE. *Afterward BELINDA.*

A parlor. The children sewing.

Anne. When we get our work done, we will have a fine time going down to the river. Cousin Richard is going with us to show us the way. He says that he will climb up on the rocks, and get us some beautiful blue-bells.

Lucy. Oh, how glad I shall be! How soon will it be three o'clock, Anne?

Anne. It is now twenty minutes past two. So it will be forty minutes more before three.

Lucy. Is that a *half* an hour, or a *quarter* of an hour?

Anne. It is a little more than a half an hour.

Lucy. Well, never mind; a half an hour will soon be gone—that is, if we do not watch it too much.

Jane. Yes. The way to make the time pass quick when we are at work, is to keep busy with the work, and not to watch the time.

Scene III.

Belinda comes in and delivers her message.

Enter BELINDA.

Belinda. Miss Anne, your mother left word when she went out, that she wished you all to sew this afternoon till four o'clock, instead of going out at three.

Anne. Till four?

Belinda. Yes, Miss Anne.

(The children all stop their work, and look surprised.)

Jane. Why, what can that mean?

Anne. Did she say why, Belinda?

Belinda. No, Miss Anne. All she said was, that she wished you to sew an hour longer this afternoon than usual; but that you might go out at four o'clock. *(Belinda goes out.)*

Lucy. *(Drawing a long breath.)* Well. We will.

Anne. Yes. We certainly will.

Jane. Only I should like to know what the reason is that she keeps us in so much longer to-day.

Anne. Oh, it would not help us any to know the reason. I have no doubt that there is an excellent reason. And mother will tell us what it is, to-night or to-morrow. She always tells us the reasons after we have obeyed, that is, if we ask her.

Lucy. *(Sighing.)* Well, we will stay till four. How long will that be, sister Anne?

Anne. It will be about an hour and a half. But never mind. We will see how much work we can do in that time—and that will please mother very much when she comes home.

Scene IV.

The children withstand a strong temptation.

SCENE IV.

ANNE, LUCY, JANE, RICHARD.

The same.

Richard. Come, girls, you've been sewing here long enough. Put away your work and let us go out and play.

Lucy. No, Richard, not till four. We must not go till four.

Richard. Ah, yes—go now.

Anne. No, we are going to sew till four this afternoon. We have to stay in a half an hour longer. It is half past three now.

Richard. But why? What's the use of sitting here, sewing all the afternoon. Put your work away, and let us all go down to the river.

Anne. At four o'clock we will. Mother left word for us to sew this afternoon till four o'clock.

Richard. Oh, that makes no difference. Aunt Jones has gone away to ride, and if you go out now, she never will know it.

Anne. Yes, she will know it.

Richard. Why, how would she know it?

Anne. I should tell her myself. If I should find that I had disobeyed any of her directions while she was gone, the very first thing that I should do, when she came home, would be to go directly and tell her all about it.

Richard. Oh, Anne, you're a queer girl. But, come Lucy, you'll go, I'm sure. You have got some common sense. Go out with me and play.

Scene IV.

Richard tampers with the clock.

Lucy. No, not till the clock strikes four.

Richard. Will you go as soon as the clock strikes four?

Lucy. Yes. As soon as I can put my work away after that.

Richard. Then you'll go very soon, for I can make the clock strike four any time. (*He goes out of view toward a corner of the room where the clock is, moving a chair with him. Though not seen, his voice and the movement of the chair are heard.*)

Anne. Richard, what are you going to do?

Richard. I'm going to make the clock strike four.

Anne. Oh, Richard, you must not do any such a thing.

Richard. Yes, there is a little wire in behind, among the wheels and machinery, which I can pull, and make the clock strike just as I've a mind to. That's the way I do with my mother's clock when I am at home.

Lucy. No, Richard, you must not. You will only tangle up the machinery.

Richard. Oh, no. There is a little door here in the side of the clock. (*The clock strikes, one, two, three, four. Richard is then heard getting down from his chair, and immediately afterward he appears again.*) Now you can all go out, for the clock has struck four.

Anne. No, Richard, we can not go out until it is four o'clock, really, and truly.

Richard. Ah, yes you can. You, Lucy, will have to go at any rate; for you promised me.

Lucy. No.

Richard. Yes, you said that you would go as soon after the

Scene V.

The time expires.

Carriage coming.

clock struck as you could put your work away. So you must put it away—as fast as you can.

Lucy. No, Richard, that was not what I meant.

Richard. I don't care about what you meant. That was what you said.

Anne. No, Richard. Promises are to be kept according to the true meaning of them, and not according to the mere words.

Richard. And who told you that fine saying, Mrs. Wisdom?

Anne. My mother.

Richard. Your mother! (*Contemptuously.*) I never saw such girls as you are. If you won't go, I'll go myself, without you. (*He goes out.*)

SCENE V.

ANNE, LUCY, JANE. *Afterward* MRS. JONES and MRS. MARIA.

The same. The children still at their work.

Anne. Now, children, it is past four, really, and we can begin to put away the work.

Jane. It has not been a very long time.

Anne. No; time does not seem very long when we keep busy.

Lucy. Hark! I hear a carriage coming. I'll run to the window and see.

Jane. I'll go too.

Lucy. (*Looking out at the window.*) Ah, it is Aunt Maria and mother coming in the barouche. The top is all open. What a

Scene V.

The basket.

Mrs. Maria explains her plan.

pretty barouche! There is a large basket in it. I wonder what Aunt Maria has got in that basket. They are getting out of the carriage and coming in. I mean to ask Aunt Maria what she has got in that basket.

Enter MRS. JONES and MRS. MARIA.

Mrs. Maria. Well, children, here you all are. You are just putting away your work.

Lucy. Yes, aunt, and now we are going out to play. But what have you got in that big basket?

Mrs. Maria. What good children you are to obey! Have not you been out at all?

Lucy. No; we have been waiting for four o'clock. And now it's just come. But, Aunt Maria, what have you got in that basket?

Mrs. Maria. Ah—that basket. It is full of very nice things. I thought I should save them all for myself; but now they are all to go to you. It is a little plan that I formed. I thought I would come here after four; and if I found you all *here*, I would take you out to ride to a beautiful place on the mountains, and have a pic-nic. So I got my basket full of nice things for a pic-nic; but I expected to find that you had all gone out to play, and so that I should save all my nice things.

Anne. Well, aunt, you can keep them now. We shall like the ride very much, without the nice things.

Mrs. Maria. Oh, no. I am very glad to find that you are here —*very glad indeed*. It would have been a great disappointment to me to have saved my nice things.

Scene V.

Richard loses his ride on the poney.

Lucy. (*Capering about.*) I am *so* glad that we are going to have a ride in the barouche !

Jane. And that we are going up on a mountain. I never went up on a mountain.

Mrs. Maria. We shall have a very pleasant ride I am sure. There is a long winding carriage-road, leading through the woods behind the mountain, up to the top. Then we come out into an open view, and look over all the country as if we were in a balloon. We shall go up there in time to see the sun set. Then we shall have our pic-nic. I meant to have had Richard with us; but he has gone away. I have got a little black poney which I intended that he should ride. But he has lost his ride by going away.

Anne. But, aunt, let me go and find him. I can find him, I am sure, in a very short time.

Mrs. Maria. No. He ought not to have gone away.

Anne. But perhaps he did not know that you wished him to stay in.

Mrs. Maria. Yes, I gave him the same order that your mother gave you; and he has disobeyed me. So he must lose his ride. But you shall all go; and you will enjoy the excursion a great deal more for having stood faithful to your duty in the time of trial. Come, put on your bonnets, we are all ready.

(Anne and Jane go out. Lucy remains behind to speak a moment to her aunt.)

Lucy. But, aunt, what will you do with the poney?

Mrs. Maria. I am going to stop by the way, and get your cousin

Scene VI.

The children on the mountain.

A ramble proposed.

George to gow ith us, and let him ride the poney. Your mother tells me that he is as obedient as you are.

Lucy. (Jumping up and clapping her hands.) Oh, I'm very glad that cousin George is going. We should rather have our cousin George go with us than any body.

Mrs. Maria. Very well; run and get ready.

SCENE VI.

MRS. JONES, MRS. MARIA JONES, ANNE, LUCY, JANE, GEORGE.

On the mountain. The horses and the barouche stand near the road-side, under the trees. In the center, in front, the party are seen sitting on the rocks, under the shade of a group of trees. On a large flat-topped stone in the middle, a cloth is spread, with various refreshments upon it—such as cakes, oranges, pitchers of lemonade, and other such things.

Mrs. Maria. Well, children, have you all had as much as you wish for ?

Anne. I have; and I think that we all have. And we have had a most delightful time, Aunt Maria. We are very much obliged to you for giving us such a pleasant ride.

Jane. Yes, Aunt Maria. It is a great deal more than enough to pay us for sewing an hour longer.

Mrs. Maria. I am very glad that you have had such a good time. And now we are going to stay here as much as half an hour more; and if we could trust you not to go into any dangerous places, you might ramble about a little while, I suppose, and amuse yourselves.

Scene VI.

George entrusted with a commission.

Mrs. Jones. Oh, we can trust them. They will only go where we give them leave to go.

Anne. There is a very pretty place down here a little way, under the rocks. We should like to go there.

Lucy. Yes, I think we can get some pretty mountain flowers there.

Mrs. Jones. I am afraid that it is a dangerous place.

Anne. Well, mother, let cousin George go and see.

Mrs. Jones. That will do very well. Go with the girls, George, and see what sort of a place it is, and then come back and tell me.

Anne. Come, George. (*George and the children go away.*)

Mrs. Maria. Ah, me! how I wish that Richard was an obedient boy to me, like your children! How happy I should be if he were!

Mrs. Jones. You have only to teach him.

Mrs. Maria. Ah, sister! how can you talk so? You speak as if it was the easiest thing in the world—but I assure you it is impossible. With such a boy as Richard is, it is really and truly impossible.

Mrs. Jones. I don't believe that you have ever, in the whole course of his life, set yourself at work, deliberately and in earnest, to *try* to teach him to obey you. So you can not tell whether it is impossible or not.

Mrs. Maria. At any rate, it is of no use to begin now. I ought to have begun a great many years ago. But here come the children again.

Enter GEORGE, followed by the children.

Mrs. Jones. Well, George, what did you find?

Scene VI.

George brings back a report.

Flowers.

George. It is a very pretty place ; and the back part of it is not dangerous. The front part is dangerous.

Mrs. Jones. What makes the front part dangerous ?

George. There is a precipice there—a very steep rocky precipice. You see it is a green level place like a shelf. There is a path leading down to it from here. The path comes out on the back side of it where it is all safe. But the front edge of it comes to the brink of a precipice ever so far down.

Mrs. Jones. Very well ; then you may go and play there, only you must not go near the precipice.

Lucy. How far off from it must we keep, mother ?

Mrs. Jones. Hand me up a little stone, and I'll show you.

(*Lucy takes up a stone and gives it to her mother ; and her mother tosses it out a little way upon the grass.*)

Lucy. As far as that ?

Mrs. Jones. Yes, about as far as that. If you don't go any nearer than that there will be no danger.

Lucy. There are a great many pretty flowers there, mother.

Jane. Yes, mother, and we are going to make some bouquets.

Mrs. Jones. That is a very good plan ; and if you find plenty of flowers, you may bring two apiece for your Aunt Maria and me, so that we can have bouquets too.

Anne. Yes, mother, we will.

George. I'll hold the flowers that you get for Aunt Jane and Aunt Maria. You can give them to me as fast as you gather them.

Anne. But, children, before we go, let us put these things all back into the basket.

Scene VI.

Mrs. Maria proposes a new plan.

Jane. So we will, only first let us all have a good drink of lemonade.

Anne. Well. (*Anne pours out the lemonade, and gives each one a drink.*)

Lucy. Aunt Maria, was this the reason why you wanted mother to keep us at our sewing an hour more this afternoon—to see if we would obey, and then to bring us up to take this ride?

Mrs. Maria. It was not all the reason. I have a plan of another excursion to-morrow, which will take all the afternoon; and I thought that perhaps if you worked *two* hours to-day, your mother would excuse you from working at all to-morrow.

Jane. (*Clapping her hands.*) And shall you be willing, mother?

Mrs. Jones. Certainly. I shall be very *glad* to do it; and you see how easy we can make all sorts of agreeable arrangements, when we can depend upon the children to obey.

Scene I.

Picture of Mark hiding away from his mother.



DIALOGUE XII.

THE TIGERS.

PERSONS.

MRS. CHEVERIL,
MARK,FANNY,
TIMBOO, *a South Sea Island boy.*

SCENE I.

TIMBOO, FANNY.

A pleasant green yard behind the house. Timboo mowing. Fanny sitting on the steps of the piazza.

Fanny. Why don't you let the grass grow taller before you mow it, Timboo?

Timboo. Because if we mow it often, and when it is short, that

Scene I.

Timboo makes explanations about mowing.

makes it grow soft and fine; and we want it to be soft and fine in the yard.

Fanny. You don't do so in the field.

Timboo. No; in the field we let it grow tall before we mow it. We manage differently in that case. You see it depends upon what we are mowing for. In the field we are mowing for the grass. Here we are mowing for the yard.

Fanny. And I suppose that this little short grass that you cut here is not good for any thing.

Timboo. No; it is not worth much. It is not worth a quarter part what it costs to cut it.

Fanny. O, Timboo! it does not cost any thing to cut it. You cut it yourself.

Timboo. True—but then *I* cost something.

Fanny. How do you cost any thing, Timboo?

Timboo. Why there are my wages that are to be paid; and then what I eat and drink costs something. I suppose that my time costs your father a dollar a day; so that every half day's work that I do on this yard, costs half a dollar.

Fanny. Then I should think it would be best to let the grass grow tall, and cut it all at once.

Timboo. That would be best if it were not for you and Mark.

Fanny. For me and Mark!

Timboo. Yes. Your mother has this grass cut often because she thinks it makes the yard a pleasanter place for you and Mark to play in. If the grass gets tall, you can not run about over the yard on account of your feet getting entangled in it. And then be-

Scene II.

Mark appears as a fugitive.

sides, it holds the dew so long when it is tall, that it is usually noon before it is dry.

Fanny. And when I even walk along the path it wets my dresses, the tall tops hang over so much.

Timboo. Yes. So you see that on every account it is better for you to have it kept down.

Fanny. Well, Timboo, then if you are doing all this for Mark and me, I think that Mark and me ought to help you.

Timboo. Mark and I.

Fanny. Yes, Mark and I. Could not I rake the grass up after you have done mowing it?

Timboo. Yes, you could do that very well; and if you would like to do it, you can go into the barn, and get a rake. Then you will be all ready to begin to rake as soon as I have finished my mowing.

Fanny. That is just the thing I'll do. (*She rises from her seat and goes away singing.*)

SCENE II.

TIMBOO, MARK.

Timboo mowing. Enter Mark in a hurried manner, coming round the corner of the house.

Timboo. Well, Mark?

Mark. Ah, Timboo! You are mowing the grass. I am glad of it. But I can't stop.

Timboo. What makes you in a hurry?

Mark. Why, you see that mother is writing a note; and when

Scene III.

Fanny offers her help to Timboo.

it is done, I guess that if she sees me, she will want me to carry it; but I would rather she would send you. And she *will* send you, if she does not see me anywhere. So I stepped out at the front door, and I am going to hide.

Timboo. (In a contemptuous tone.) Ha!

Mark. She saw me coming out; and she told me not to go far; and I am not going far. I am going to hide here, behind this lilac bush, at the garden gate.

Timboo. Very well.

Mark. If mother comes to the door, don't you tell her where I am; and then when she gives up finding me, she will send you.

Timboo. Very well.

(Mark goes behind the bush and hides.)

Timboo. (Alone.) What an ungrateful, undutiful little monkey a boy of eight or ten years old always is. He is worse than any respectable brute. If a dog were to be known to run and hide when he thought that the master who fed him every day had need of him, every other dog in town would despise him. And yet boys eight or ten years old think that such a performance is a very nice feat—and if they succeed, they are very proud of it.

SCENE III.

TIMBOO, FANNY. Afterward MRS. CHEVERIL and MARK.

The same. Timboo mowing. Fanny comes in with a rake.

Fanny. Now, Timboo, I will help you all I can. Where shall I begin?

Scene III.

The way to rake.

Mrs. Cheveril.

Timboo. Children generally begin in the middle when they undertake to rake; or, if not in the middle, wherever they happen to be, and so, before they get through, they have to rake the same ground over twice.

Fanny. But that is not the right way, is it?

Timboo. No, that is exactly the wrong way.

Fanny. And which is the right way?

Timboo. The right way is to consider first where you are going to rake the grass to. Then, when you have determined that, you go to the farthest part of the yard from that, and rake along regularly.

Fanny. Well, I 'll do it so.

Enter Mrs. Cheveril. She appears at a door leading from the house to the piazza, and has a letter in her hand.

Mrs. Cheveril. Fanny!

Fanny. What, mother?

Mrs. Cheveril. What are you doing?

Fanny. I am going to rake the grass, mother. It is to help Timboo.

Mrs. Cheveril. Do you know where Mark is?

Fanny. No, mother, I have not seen him for some time.

Mrs. Cheveril. Because I want him to carry this letter.

Fanny. Well, I 'll go and see if I can find him, mother—if Timboo can spare me from the raking.

Timboo. I suppose I know where he is, Mrs. Cheveril, and I will send him in to you.

Mrs. Cheveril. Any time within ten minutes will do. I am not in haste. (Mrs. Cheveril returns into the house.)

Scene III.

Timboo's opinion of Mark's conduct.

Timboo. (Calling.) MARK !

Mark. (Coming out from behind the lilac bush.) Ah, now, Timboo, that was not fair !

Timboo. What have I done that is not fair ?

Mark. Why, you promised that you would not tell where I was.

Timboo. No, I promised nothing at all.

Mark. Well, I asked you not to tell.

Timboo. That is true.

Mark. And you ought not to have told.

Timboo. I have not told. I only said I would find you and send you in.

Mark. And are you going to send me in ?

Timboo. Yes.

Mark. How are you going to do it, I should like to know ?

Timboo. This is the way I shall do it. Master Cheveril, I hereby command you to walk straight in to your mother, and tell her you are ready to take her letter, and carry it wherever she desires.

Mark. And suppose I don't obey you ?

Timboo. You had better obey me, unless you wish to feel the effects of my vengeance.

Fanny. Ah, Mark, you had better go. Timboo's vengeance will be something terrible, you may depend.

Timboo. He has got to be punished for what he has done already.

Mark. And what is the punishment to be ?

Scene IV.

Conversation in the bay window.

The grass.

Timboo. You will learn when you get back from carrying the letter.

Mark. Well, I'll go.

Fanny. Yes, I think you had better.

Mark. I will; but it is not on account of the punishment. The punishment will only be some funny thing or other.

SCENE IV.

MRS. CHEVERIL, FANNY.

A parlor. Mrs. Cheveril seated on an ottoman, at a large bay window, sewing. A pretty work-table near her. One of the sashes of the window extends down to the floor, and is open. From it, a step leads down to the piazza. Fanny is seated on the step, preparing to commence hemming a handkerchief. Through the open window there is a view of the yard, freshly mown.

Fanny. See how smooth and pretty the yard looks, mother!

Mrs. Cheveril. Yes, I think it looks very pretty indeed.

Fanny. Timboo and I mowed it and raked it.

Mrs. Cheveril. Did you?

Fanny. Yes; that is, Timboo mowed it and I raked it.

Mrs. Cheveril. And what did you do with the grass?

Fanny. Why it was too short grass, you see, to make into hay, and so we carried it into the barn, and put it into the cow's crib. Timboo said that the cow will eat it to-morrow for an early breakfast.

Mrs. Cheveril. I think she will like it very much.

Scene IV.

An early breakfast for the cow.

Fanny. Yes, Timboo says that she will eat it early in the morning, as soon as it is light.

Mrs. Cheveril. It will be a fine thing for her to have such an early breakfast before she goes to pasture.

Fanny. Yes, I think it will. And the yard is smoother and nicer for us to play in. Timboo says that the reason why you have it mowed so often is to make it a pleasant place for Mark and me to play in.

Mrs. Cheveril. Yes, that is the chief reason.

Fanny. I think it is very kind in you to do it; because, when the grass is high, it keeps wet with the dew all the forenoon.

Mrs. Cheveril. Yes; it becomes dry much sooner when it is closely mown. But what do you suppose the dew is? Do you know?

Fanny. Yes, mother. I know it is a little shower that comes in the night.

Mrs. Cheveril. What sort of a little shower?

Fanny. Why, a little water-shower—a rain-shower.

Mrs. Cheveril. No, it is not exactly that. People speak of the dew falling, as they do of the rain falling. But really the dew does not fall. It is drawn out of the air by the grass.

Fanny. Oh, mother!

Mrs. Cheveril. Yes, that is the way. You see there is always a great deal of moisture in the air, especially when it is warm, and then if you bring any thing cold into it, the cold thing, somehow or other, draws the moisture out. You see it on the table, at dinner. If there is cold water in a tumbler, that cools the glass all through,

Scene IV.

Mrs. Cheveril learns that Mark had hid from her.

and then the cold glass outside draws the moisture out of the air.

Fanny. I thought it came *through*, from the water in the tumbler.

Mrs. Cheveril. No, it does not come through. If it came through, there would be a dew on the outside of it when you put *warm* water in it. It does not come through. The coldness of the glass draws the moisture from the air outside.

Fanny. And is it so with the dew at night?

Mrs. Cheveril. Yes. The grass gets cold in the night, and so, in some curious way, draws the water from the air.

Fanny. I don't understand it very well.

Mrs. Cheveril. I don't wonder; for I confess I don't understand it very well myself.

Fanny. Mother, what made Mark go and hide behind the lilac bush?

Mrs. Cheveril. When?

Fanny. When you came out to call him.

Mrs. Cheveril. I did not know that he was hiding behind the lilac-bush.

Fanny. Yes. He *was* hiding there, and when you went in, Timboo called him and sent him in to you. Ah, mother, there comes Mark, now! I see him coming up the road. May I go and meet him?

Mrs. Cheveril. Yes; he will like to have you go and meet him, I am sure.

Fanny. I'll come directly back to my sewing. (*Fanny lays down her work and runs out.*)

Scene V.

Timboo's Lodge.

Mending the map box.

Mrs. Cheveril. (*Alone.*) Can it be possible that Mark hid away so as to avoid having to go with my letter. I can not believe it. And yet I recollect that he seemed to creep out of the room so stealthily when I told him that I was writing a note that was to go to the village. Still I do not believe it. It would break my heart, to think that after all that I do to promote his happiness, and make him love me, he would take so much pains to avoid rendering me so small a service.

Enter MARK and FANNY.

Mark. I gave it to her, mother.

Mrs. Cheveril. I am very much obliged to you for going, Mark. But now tell me one thing honestly. Did you hide away because you did not wish to go for me?

Mark. (*Hanging his head, and looking confused.*) Yes, mother—I did.

Mrs. Cheveril. I am very sorry. (*Mrs. Cheveril goes on sewing in silence, and pretty soon Mark goes out.*)

SCENE V.

TIMBOO, MARK, FANNY.

Timboo's *Lodge*, a room comfortably fitted up in an out-building. Timboo is seated on a table engaged in mending a box which contains a dissected map. Mark is looking on. Fanny stands at the end of the table, trying to put the dissected map together, while Timboo is mending the box.

Timboo. I did not say that you were worse than a tiger in general—but only that I once knew some tigers that were in some respects better than you.

Scene V.

Timboo gives an account of an adventure in Havre.

Mark. In what respect?

Timboo. Why, they were grateful, and you were ungrateful.

Mark. Nonsense, Timboo. But, nevertheless, tell us about those tigers.

Fanny. Yes, Timboo, do.

Timboo. Well, once upon a time, in the course of my voyages, I stopped at the port of Havre, in France. If you had not been in the habit, like other foolish boys, of wasting your time in school in whispering and playing, instead of attending to your studies, you would know where Havre is.

Mark. I do know where it is. It is on the northern coast of France—on the shore of the English channel.

Timboo. Right. You have studied your geography better than I thought you had. It was up the English channel that I sailed when I went to Havre.

Mark. Well, go on about the tigers. Do they have these tigers in Havre?

Timboo. They had some for a show when I was there, and I went to see them. They had them in a tent, at a sort of fair, outside the town. One evening, I was strolling about, and I came to this fair, and I thought I would go into the tent and see the tigers.

Mark. How much did you have to pay?

Timboo. Two sous.

Mark. How much is a sou?

Timboo. About a cent.

Mark. Then it was a very cheap show?

Timboo. Yes; the shows at those fairs are always pretty cheap.

Scene V.

The young lady who came in to feed the tigers.

Besides, I took one of the cheapest seats. When I went in and had taken my seat, I saw before me a number of cages, and a tiger in every cage.

Mark. How did they look?

Timboo. They looked very ferocious. They were roaring and growling dreadfully, and they walked back and forth, and jumped up and down, as if they were in a state of great fury.

Fanny. I should have been afraid of them.

Timboo. No, there were strong iron bars in front of the cages, so we were not afraid. Well, in a few minutes, a young girl came in. She was dressed all in white, and was, I should think, about fifteen years of age. She was a very delicate and pretty looking girl. She came in upon the stage, and took her stand in front of the cages. There she stood and curtsied to the audience.

Mark. Did the tigers stop growling?

Timboo. No ; they looked fiercer and more ferocious than ever. Pretty soon, some rough looking men came in from a side door, bringing some baskets with great pieces of meat in them.

Fanny. Meat ?

Timboo. Yes, meat to feed the tigers with. One of the men had a wooden pitchfork. He gave the pitchfork to the girl. She took it and held it with the points up. Then another man took a piece of the meat and put it upon the points of the pitchfork, and the girl turning round, held it to the bars of one of the tiger's cages. The tiger immediately seized it with his paws, and pulled it through the grating.

Mark. And what did he do then ?

Scene V.

Gratitude of the tigers.

Their freaks and gambols.

Timboo. He crouched down upon the floor, and holding the meat in his paws, he began to gnaw it, as a dog would a bone. The girl then held her pitchfork again, and the man put a second piece of meat upon it, and the girl then fed the second tiger. And so on, along the whole row. The tigers seemed to be all well contented as soon as they got their meal. And they remained some time eating it very quietly. We all looked on.

Mark. And was that all that you saw ?

Timboo. No. As soon as the girl had fed the tigers, she went out and a man came in. The man said if we would wait a few minutes until the tigers had eaten their meat, the young lady would go into their cages and play with them.

Fanny. And did she ?

Timboo. Yes, she went in by a back door into one of the cages, and then passed from one cage to another along the whole row, by means of doors between.

Fanny. And did not they bite her ?

Timboo. No. They jumped about and played with her, and tumbled over and over each other before her, just as if they had been so many kittens.

Mark. I should have thought they would have torn her to pieces.

Timboo. Yes, I suppose *you* would have torn her to pieces if you had been one of the tigers !—but they had some gratitude. They remembered that she gave them their meat, and they were thankful to her for it. They would do whatever she directed them. She would make them jump through a hoop that she held in her

Scene V.

Timboo compares Mark to the tigers.

hand, or lie down and put their heads in her lap, and various other things. Whatever she wished them to do, that they all seemed very willing to do. They were grateful because she fed them. If you had been one of them, you would have torn her to pieces, I suppose, even if she had fed you every day for ten years.

Mark. Oh, Timboo!

Timboo. At least if you would not have torn her to pieces, you would have refused to obey her. You would have lain down in a corner and gone to sleep, and you would not have done any thing to please her.

Mark. Why, Timboo, what makes you think I should have acted so?

Timboo. Because that is the way you have acted toward your mother. She has been feeding, and taking care of you, and watching over you, and doing every thing to make you happy, now for eight years.

Mark. I am *nine* years old almost.

Timboo. Well, for nine years. And now when an opportunity occurs for you to do some little good in return, such as going to carry a letter, you run off and hide. I don't believe that there is one of those tigers that I saw, that, if he had been in your place, would have acted in such a way. (*Mark hangs his head and looks confounded.*)

Fanny. I think you ought to be ashamed of yourself, Mark.

Mark. I am ashamed of myself. I did not do right. I did not think.

Timboo. That is just the difference between you and the tigers.

Scene V.

He accuses Mark of great ingratitude.

They *did* think. When they saw the girl coming into their dens, all dressed in white, they said to themselves, Ah! here comes the young lady that has given us so many good suppers. Now we will do whatever she asks of us. But a boy, when he sees his mother, never says, Ah, here is the kind mother, that has taken care of me, and has done so many things for me all the years of my life, and I will do whatever she asks of me. Instead of that, if he imagines there is any thing that he can do for her, and that she is going to ask him to do it, he runs off and hides!

Mark. Well, Timboo, I'll promise that I will never do such a thing again. And now, if you will just tell me what my punishment shall be, I'll take it.

Timboo. I should think you would feel better for some punishment.

Mark. I think I should.

Timboo. But the best thing for you to do, to make you forget this iniquity, is for you to watch for opportunities every day for a month to come, to do some kindness or other to your mother.

Mark. Well, I will.

Timboo. There is very little that you *can* do. The opportunities are very rare, but when they do happen, don't be more ungrateful than a tiger, and go away and hide. And now your box is mended. I am almost afraid to mend a box, or do any thing for you, for fear that you should bite me for it, or do some more ungrateful thing.

Mark. O, Timboo, you are too bad. (*He takes his box under his arm.*) And now, Fanny, I think I had better go and tell

Scene V.

Mark's resolves to go and confess his fault.

mother, that I am very sorry that I was not willing to carry her letter, and went away and hid; and that I never will do such a thing again.

Fanny. I would, Mark. I *would* go and tell mother that, if I were you. It will comfort her.

T H E E N D .



Amelia King

Santa Cruz 1863



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